

THE DIAL

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OUR CHANGING POETRY.

About one hundred years ago the poets of France were smitten with a devastating disease—megalomania. They came to feel that the poet is the pinnacle of the social fabric, the flower and crown of God's creation. To Victor Hugo the poet was half prophet and half mage; to Madame de Staël he was the spokesman of heaven; to Alfred de Vigny he was alternately the chosen confidant and the enraged antagonist of God. These enthusiasts found not even a half-truth in Malherbe's gruff remark: "A poet is of about as much use to the State as a player of ninepins." They saw man's only hope of betterment in a religious attendance upon the divine message of the poet-seer.

This doctrine of the poet's message had lived for ages in the world and had done no harm. It became pernicious only when supported by that sentimental humanitarianism of the Romantic Era which, like all things sentimental, was egoistic at the core. The romantic poet, whether of France, Germany, or England, cared supremely for himself. He used this fiction of an altruistic mission as one of the many veils and disguises in which he cloaked his egoism. "My heart sickens," says de Vigny, "when I consider how long it takes for the idea of a solitary thinker to penetrate to the hearts of the people." But what "idea" has the lonely Messiah in mind here? He is thinking of his own semi-autobiographical "Chatterton," and fearing that its central theme—the brutally stupid treatment of genius by envious mediocrity—will not make a sufficiently overwhelming effect upon the "vulgar."

This belief that the poet is God's messenger to an ignorant and stiff-necked generation filled Europe for a time with melancholy, self-immolating Messiahs who naïvely and quite sincerely gauged their own greatness on the scale of their real or imagined woes. It accounts for much of what is saddest and most perplexing in the career of Shelley and for nearly all that is clearest and most amusing in the "Byron legend." Yet it was sud-

denly and almost completely abandoned when it failed any longer to serve the poet's main purpose of self-aggrandizement. Suddenly we are told that art has nothing to do with truth. Poetry cedes to science the didactic robe and the prophet's wand, retaining for itself a purely decorative function. In the years of slack and welter preceding Tennyson, when the imposing if not always profound philosophies of earlier romanticism were quite abandoned, Byron dwindles into Barry Cornwall and Shelley declines into Beddoes. In place of Shelley's titan fronting an immortality of torture to serve mankind — a figure which, with all its cloudy grandeur, is only the gigantic portrait of the man of genius as painted by himself upon the sky — we get the rather pitiful

World-losers and world-forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams

of Arthur O'Shaughnessy. The poet no longer pretends to any desire to uplift humanity. Rather, he wishes to crowd it down beneath his own level. Contemporaneous with the rise of the middle classes and Sauerteig's "hell of not making money" was the poet's hell of not distinguishing himself. His best efforts were put forth not in the service of truth, not even in the quest for pure beauty, but *pour la gloire, et pour ennuyer les philistins*. He seems to have said to himself, in the words of a recent parodist,

Come, my songs, let us sing about something;
It is time we were getting ourselves talked about.

There needs no digging into the past to show how the poet set about this purely egoistic task. His methods are painfully familiar to readers of contemporary verse. To be incomprehensible, he thought in his childlike way, would get him a reputation for profundity. To be obscure would be to seem elevated. He sought out novel emotions, passions, and ideas in far lands, in abnormal psychology, in strange mixtures and confusions of the senses, in strange mixtures and confusions of the arts. He ransacked science and magic for bizarre and horrible effects. With a diabolic instinct for that which would most bewilder his middle-class audience, he treated vice and immorality in a sympathetic or at least tolerant way. He enunciated the sophism, to which his whole attack on the parochial virtues seemed to give the lie, that art has nothing to do with morality or with truth. He invented the poisonous heresy of

"art for art's sake." In his life as in his work, he strove to emphasize the divergence between himself and the common herd. He claimed exemption from the duties and responsibilities of civil and domestic life. "To think that the poet should be required to stop in the middle of a stanza," exclaims Charles Morice indignantly, "to go and complete his twenty-eight days' training in the army!" The poet insisted that genius made laws unto itself. He would have his conduct tried by a code of his own framing, very elastic and vague even in his own mind. Grocers and mechanics paid their debts, therefore he would not. Artisans and laborers were rational, methodical, law-abiding. He would be capricious, spasmodic, riotous. More than for anything else he sought for novelty, which he confused with originality and which is as easy to secure as it is trivial and valueless when secured. In his search for novelty, he ignored or defied the tradition of his art in theme, manner, and form. He had derived from his romantic ancestry the fixed conviction that the poet should not know much, that he should be the creature and the prey of emotion, that he should have no theories. Grammarians are learned: the poet should be ignorant or at least an obscurantist. Mathematicians use the reasoning faculties: the poet should succumb to rudderless emotion. Politicians have theories: the poet should "write on the lintels of the door post, WHIM." As a sure receipt for novelty in his art, the poet should be in his own person a creature unprecedented and unique.

In the fulness of time appeared as a Parisian poet an astonishingly irrational person who yet had unmistakable genius, a creature who seemed to have in common with normal humanity only the broken body and five senses which he abused, a lecher and vagabond who roused himself between fits of drunken slumber to scribble on dirty café menu-cards songs ribald and foul or lyrics of the sweetest and most fragile beauty, according as the mood found him. For there was room in some quiet and unsullied corner of his heart for an angel that discoursed most excellent music. The puddle of filth was clear enough to reflect a star. Paul Verlaine was the culmination of his type. In his generation and after it, debauchery was thought almost as necessary an accompaniment and criterion of genius as

was mysterious sadness during the reign of Byron. The divorce of imagination from reason, the breach between beauty and reality, had brought about this result: the foremost poet in Paris was a man who stood in equal need of a hospital, an insane asylum, and a jail.

Gradually the poet came to realize that he had gone too far. After all, his effort had been from the first little more than an elaborate posturing before the world—a little boyish, a little pitiful, more than a little weak. From the first, it depended for success upon what the world might think of it. The public felt instinctively that true greatness must be broadly based upon a common humanity and that in any poetic message worth attending to we somehow hear the voices of the millions supporting the voice of the one. For all the stupidity of which it was accused, the public understood that there was something vaguely wrong with these men who claimed to represent humanity because, forsooth, they were unique. Accordingly, the poet discovered, in the midst of his attitudes, that the world was not paying attention. The public, that had listened at first with some concern to his tirades of morbid pride and self-pity, looked on with amusement and at last with indifference as he wandered farther and farther into deliberate eccentricity. Finally it went away and ignored him altogether, and he found himself acting before an empty theatre. In shuddering chagrin he retired into his palace of art,—first to work, then to dream, and finally to weep.

Then began anew that morbid praise of solitude which seems to be an integral phase of the romantic mood and which usually amounts to a dispraise of society. But solitude is, in reality, a thing that the egoist cannot endure. "He who can bear to live in solitude must be either a wild beast or a god," says a wise ancient, and the egoist is neither of these. In his apparent and studied indifference to opinion, he had increased his dependence upon opinion beyond all bounds. And now, in his enforced retirement, there came upon him pessimism, sterility, and disgust,—indubitable signs of bankruptcy and defeat.

Here, then, and in something like this way, although the process of course differed widely from one individual and from one nation to another, was completed that breach between

the artist and his public which has lasted now for several generations, to the impoverishment of art and public alike. The poet has suspected something wrong when he has stumbled upon popularity in his own time. And he is not entirely in error, for the public has learned to look to science for truth; from art, like Shakespeare's Theseus, it expects only relaxation and refined amusement. The poetry to which it continues to give some yawning attention is likely to be sickly with sentimentality or else a glorification of the obvious domestic virtues, if not of mere vulgarity.

Unfortunately, our current and popular critical impressions draw from no source more remote than the very movement that has just been hastily traced. As a result, the common notion of a poet, even to-day, is that of a pallid, lonely, lugubrious person who neither finds nor seeks a place in active life and who puzzles a preoccupied world with unsolicited exposures of his own strange and recondite woes. It requires a literary scholarship beyond the ordinary to realize that the important poets of the world have been, with few exceptions, resolute and cheerful souls busily engaged in the common affairs of life, delighting in wholesome relations with real men and women.

But there is excellent reason to suppose that this fixed conviction of the popular mind no longer holds good. This whole teaching and belief that the poet is a very exceptional person compact of excellent differences from the mass of men belonged primarily to a school of writers which died out in France many years ago. In England it is dying lingeringly, with the last of the "aesthetes." In America, which sometimes seems to be the catch-all of assorted European ideas, it still drags about a crippled, anæmic existence. A mountain stage-driver once said to me, pointing to one of the four horses upon which my life depended, "That there hoss is dead, but he ain't got sense enough to lay down." We still have, for our sins, some writers of verse among us who confuse a deliberately erratic individualism with genius and who flaunt their contempt for all forms of restraint under the name of liberty. There are not a few who mistake the convulsive throes and death-rattle of the old for the mother-pangs of some wonderful new birth. All this has happened before and is easily understood. It

can do harm only as it helps to perpetuate among those who should know better a certain intolerance of contemporary poetry.

The fact is that already certain strong fresh voices, both in England and America, are beginning to shame the laggards into silence. The poetry that really counts to-day—and it is certainly not too soon to affirm one's conviction that there is such a poetry—is devoid of shallow egoism. It has little of the morbid self-analysis that has poisoned so much poetry of the immediate past at its source. It is returning from the novelty-hunting vagaries of other years to the broad C major of our common life.

Our tardy recognition of this sound and forward-looking poetry is due in no small degree to our lack of a reliable criticism which might have apprised us of its existence. For in spite of the still prevalent charge of Alexandrianism against our time, criticism is in a far worse plight with us than poetry. On the one hand we are perplexed and antagonized by a shallow and facile "appreciation" that proclaims a masterpiece in three out of every five volumes of verse that fall from the press. On the other hand we are chilled and intimidated by a pococurantic criticism which reveals its academic origins in a somewhat supercilious attitude toward the present—and which seems convinced, with the melancholy Frenchman, that "all the verses are written." Poet and public get little guidance from either.

Meanwhile, and for the present, the old decadent voices are louder than ever. Their swan-song is strangely unmelodious. It is difficult indeed to find any promise for the future in the heat and dust of the hour. All the more need, then, of a criticism at once sympathetic and rigorous, at once hospitable and sound. Granted that criticism of one's contemporaries is most difficult and hazardous, it is far from impossible. It provides, indeed, as Sainte-Beuve saw, the supreme test of any critical theory, of any critical powers. More than this, it has the great advantage over any criticism of the past that it may make poetry available to the very generation out of which it has grown and to which it is primarily addressed. More and more certainly and confidently year by year a few poets, not as yet the greater number or the best known, are doing their part, performing the indispensable service of keeping a gleam,

in a time of terror and eclipse, some light of the ideal. Constantly greater, therefore, grows the need of a criticism aware and reverent of the old things but fearless and alert to face and greet the new, a criticism able to winnow what is moribund and tottering to its fall from that which is fresh and of the dawn.

For each age is a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth.

ODELL SHEPARD.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN LONDON.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Twenty years ago Mr. George Moore's Biblical story, "The Brook Kerith," would have created an uproar. Bishops would have preached sermons against it. Town Councils would have passed resolutions excluding it from their libraries. Parish priests would have publicly burnt it. And all the daily and weekly papers would have been full of controversies about it, in which the words "blasphemy" and "obscurantism" and the phrases "defiler of sacred things" and "untrammelled freedom of human thought" would have been worked very hard. But twenty years of extravagant language about every established thing in heaven and earth have done their work. The bishops stand helpless, like Virgil's peasant who saw the flood sweeping away trees, animals, and buildings, and refrain, except on rare occasions, from protest. "Untrammelled freedom," in this and most departments of discussion, is enjoyed and sometimes even abused without question; and Mr. Moore's engaging theory that our Lord did not die on the Cross but was taken down alive and went into a monastery, whilst St. Paul built up a church on a monstrous great lie, has been received with lamblike mildness. The book, which Mr. Moore (let us hope, mendaciously) says will be his last, is about the most perfectly written of all his works; but the subject is quietly, almost solemnly, treated; and even the supreme interests of the events dealt with and the unorthodoxy of Mr. Moore's approach do not make it exciting reading. The most striking thing about it is its cover, which looks like the cover of a ledger with a paper label stuck on. It is not an altogether successful experiment in binding, but it is at least an experiment, and the publisher has obviously thought about it. The binding of ordinary English books is certainly improving, but many English publishers still do not bother about the task of their bindings at all, or else lay themselves

out to appeal to the vulgarest taste. In America things appear to me to be, if anything, worse. Bad colors and debased lettering are predominant. I got one American novel the other day, the publisher of which had ornamented the cover with huge lower-case letters all tumbling different ways. Personally, I should advise every author who is at all concerned about the appearance of his books to thrust his views on his publisher before publication. It is very comic to see (as one often does) books advocating the regeneration of public taste, the diffusion of Art, etc., etc., coming out in ugly type and within the vilest covers.

The two most conspicuous novels announced for the autumn are Mr. Arnold Bennett's "The Lion's Share" and Mr. H. G. Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." The latter has, I believe, been serialized on your side; here, it is still running in "The Nation," which, being an ordinary sixpenny weekly, cannot give up a great deal of space to each instalment, and has been issuing it for some considerable time. But the announcement of the volume shows that Mr. Britling's efforts to see things through are doomed to failure this journey. When Mr. Wells began the book he may have thought that its termination could be neatly arranged to coincide with the end of Armageddon. But though the French general who said that the first five years of the war would be the worst was perhaps unduly pessimistic, it still promises to tax Mr. Britling's endurance for some time longer; and Mr. Wells may, later on, feel called upon to add a sequel,— "Mr. Britling Really Does See It Through."

The autumn's poetry will be more than usually interesting. Mr. Walter de la Mare, one of the finest of the younger writers, has a new book in the press; Mr. W. H. Davies is issuing a volume of selections from his three hundred lyrics. And there are at least two interesting volumes of "Collected Poems." One will be somewhat small: that of Mr. Ralph Hodgson, author of "The Gull" and "The Song of Honour." Mr. Hodgson was the last recipient of the Poliquac Prize, an award of £100 given annually to the writer who has (in the opinion of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature—the nearest thing we have to the French Academy) written the most promising new book of prose or verse. He is a poet of very restricted output, and has only managed to publish a few dozen poems in leisure hours snatched from the cultivation of bull-terriers. But almost everything he has done is equal to his best. At the end of this month Mr. Secker

will publish (I may as well explain that I have edited this volume myself) the "Collected Poems" of the late James Elroy Flecker. A friend of Rupert Brooke's, Flecker went to both Oxford and Cambridge, then worked in the Consular service in Turkey and Syria, and died in Switzerland twenty months ago at the age of thirty. His was a great loss. He combined enthusiasm for life with the most painstaking craftsmanship; and the degree of promise that his consumption cut short can be perceived by anyone who goes through the poems chronologically and observes the rapid and continuous improvement in technique and strengthening of imagination. Some of his poems, such as "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," became popular during his lifetime; but the body of good work that he left behind is much larger than is generally known. His published works included, besides several books of verse, a novel, some fantastic short stories, a dialogue on education (called "The Grecians"), and an Italian grammar. A play, "Hassan," and another play on "Don Juan" remain unpublished.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is about to issue a long poetical chronicle, "The Hodjiad," which traces the history of the English peasantry from the time when Britain first arose from out the azure main until the close of the present war, when the rural soldiers will return from the trenches with a strong conviction that something ought to be done for them. A propagandist conclusion to such a poem may certainly be excused. Mr. Hewlett, who, unlike many popular novelists, is not content to go on imitating his own past successes, is also translating the Iliad. Translating Homer has long been popular with English poets, and even with English politicians. From Chapman to William Morris, scores of men have tried to produce something like the original, and each has done no more than convey some of its aspects to his own contemporaries. Pope's couplets are now as out of fashion as Cowper's mild Miltonics. Mr. Hewlett's medium is a very free and elastic blank verse. Selecting the nearest thing to an equivalent of the Homeric hexameter is the first and greatest difficulty. I know one man who has been at the Iliad for ten years. He started by doing sixteen books in rhymed couplets. Then he tore those up and got almost as far in Dante's *terza rima*. Then he changed his mind once more, and fell back on blank verse, in which he was still embedded when he last wrote to me. Men will go on; for it seems feeble to have to admit that the best translation of

Homer we have is the prose version by Butcher, Lang, and Leaf.

Possibly there will be less of this translation in the future. For it is obvious that after this war the assault on the teaching of Latin and Greek will be resumed. The apostles of all the physical sciences are waiting to spring. We are going to be told louder than ever that chemistry, biology, geology, zoölogy, morphology, pathology, and the rest of the numerous company (most of which, by an irony, have Greek names) are what the modern world requires; and that the study of humane letters never taught anybody how to make aniline dyes, turbines, Zeppelins, or poison gas. It is to be hoped that in the future those who appreciate the value of studies which have some relation to the mind and soul of man will not idiotically concentrate, as they have so often done in the past, on the mere affirmation of the inestimable value of a compulsory smattering of the classics to the ordinary man. If they have any sense they will shift their ground to the much more defensible trenches of history and English literature,—recognizing, at the same time, that even the physical sciences (though they themselves have been in the habit of calling them, generically, “stinks”) have their place in an educational scheme. The English are a nation of extremists.

J. C. SQUIRE.

London, Sept. 22, 1916.

CASUAL COMMENT.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST THINKERS has passed in the death of Josiah Royce. Some of his associates in philosophy called him unreservedly the greatest thinker America has produced. William James referred to him repeatedly as his master, despite his own considerable seniority in years, and noted scholars of other lands were glad to sit at his feet. The outline of his life—his birth in California nearly sixty-one years ago, his education at the University of California, Johns Hopkins, Leipzig, and Göttingen, his long service as teacher of philosophy at Harvard, his lectures at home and abroad, and his numerous honors from institutions of learning—hardly needs rehearsal here. The early ripening of his genius and the tone of authority that marks even his first books are noteworthy. One of Edward Rowland Sill's letters of nearly forty years ago makes favorable mention of young Royce, who for a while was assistant to Sill in the English department at the University of California. But Harvard, ever on the watch for promising talent

in whatsoever quarter, soon called him eastward, and from that time he rose rapidly to prominence in the world of philosophy, winning for himself a foremost place among the exponents of absolute idealism, and of late years commanding a more general hearing by his advocacy of “loyalty,” of faithfulness to a high and pure ideal of conduct. “The Philosophy of Loyalty” is among the best and the most widely read of his books. “War and Insurance,” written soon after the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, is his contribution toward the problem created by the immeasurable destructiveness of modern warfare. Other noted works of his are “The Religious Aspect of Philosophy,” “The Spirit of Modern Philosophy” (a really entrancing book to the reflective reader), “The World and the Individual,” “Studies of Good and Evil,” and the Bross lectures on “The Sources of Religious Insight.” He wrote, too, with admirable sympathy, of his one-time colleague, Professor William James, and gave in handy form an estimate and a review of Herbert Spencer. Curiously enough, this thinker whom few among general readers could honestly profess to understand and enjoy, tried his hand at fiction and produced one novel, “The Feud of Oakfield Creek,” published twenty-nine years ago. It is, as it could not have failed to be, logically constructed and clearly written; and it is also interesting. An early “History of California,” in the “American Commonwealths” series, is another of his works outside the domain of philosophy. As a public speaker he never failed to be impressive, and probably his most impressive platform utterance was his late eloquent protest, at Tremont Temple in Boston, against the spirit of inhumanity exemplified in the sinking of the “Lusitania.”

. . .

THE CULT OF WILLIAM BLAKE is so widely at variance, so grotesquely at variance, one might say, with the aims and ideals that seem to be moving the world in this ninetieth year after his death, that attention must be arrested by the recent meeting, at Brighton, England, of those Blake enthusiasts who have constituted themselves the Blake Society and are doing noble work in trying to keep alive Blake's spirit and arouse interest in his work as poet, painter, and mystic. A clipping from the Brighton “Herald” comes to hand, through the kindness of a member of the society, with an account of the proceedings at this meeting, including the substance of two addresses,—one from the Mayor of Brighton, the other from Mr. J. Foster Howe, a vice

president of the society. A few words from Mr. Howe's paper, which was the "feature" of the occasion, as the reporter would phrase it, may serve to convey something of the spirit of this small but hopeful band of apostles. "In Blake we see the marvellous powers of the mind exercised not upon mere fanciful subjects of comparative unimportance, such as are ordinarily attributed to the imaginative faculty, but upon the great fundamental realities of life, death, and immortality. His mind seems to have been opened in a more than ordinary degree to that which is above and beyond this merely transitory stage of things." As Wordsworth once said of him, "there is something in the madness of this man that interests more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott." A reawakening of this interest at this time can surely be no cause for regret.

THE SHAPE OF SHAKESPEARE'S EARTH is not precisely known. Whether he conceived our planet to be a perfect sphere, or an oblate spheroid, or cylindrical in pattern, or of the form of a cheese, who shall say? But he surely was not a believer in a flat earth. Yet a few days ago a prominent journal—let a charitable silence veil its name—printed this astonishing assertion from its London literary correspondent: "Shakespeare believed in a square earth like most of his generation, so far as we know." But we know very well that Shakespeare made his Puck promise to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." Moreover, his contemporary, Chapman, used almost the same phrase when he wrote, "To put a girdle round about the world." Were they girdling a "square earth" in this bit of imagery? Granted that neither Shakespeare nor Chapman could have known anything about the canals of Mars or the existence of Uranus and Neptune, yet that either of them could have conceived of the earth as rectangular almost a century after its first circumnavigation is highly improbable.

A SILENT LYRE, too early silent, and not soon to be touched again by so light and sure a hand as that which once swept its strings, is that of Frank Dempster Sherman, who died on the nineteenth of September in his fifty-seventh year. Though the teaching of architecture was the vocation that claimed his more serious attention, it was his avocation as poet that brought him enviable fame. His facility and fecundity in light verse assure him a place among those whom he himself has sung,

—"the lords of rhyme from Homer's down to Dobson's time." With Dobson, of course, rather than with Homer he will be ranked, and there is an unmistakable nearness of kinship between these two masters of the short and graceful lyric. Even in his student days at Columbia, as the writer of this well remembers, Sherman's contributions of verse to his college paper attracted more than local attention; and it was no surprise to see him afterward quickly make a name for himself in the larger world with his pen. It is strange to relate of one thus gifted that he excelled also as an expert genealogist and as an accomplished mathematician. A fondness for architecture, which he taught at Columbia for nearly three decades, is easily intelligible in a poet; but the tracing of pedigrees and the manipulation of numerals do not so manifestly appeal to the poetic imagination. Among Sherman's best-known bits of verse will be recalled the lines beginning, "Give me the room whose every nook is dedicated to a book"—lines that excellently describe the charms of the library—and also, perhaps, the apostrophe to Fancy, which ends:

Is there any magic lure
That will win you quick and sure?
Is there any fetter strong
That will hold you, soul of song?
Tell me, Fancy, so that I
May not let you slip me by.

"THE MANNERLY STEVENSON," as Mrs. Wyatt Eaton says she has heard him called (see her book, "A Last Memory of Stevenson," noticed on another page), charmed by the very unconventionality of his instinctive gentlemanliness, and demonstrated in his sometimes grotesquely-clad person the truth of Spenser's saying that "A man by nothing is so well betrayed as by his manners." Further particulars of Stevenson's appearance and bearing are to be noted through Mrs. Eaton's minutely observing eyes. "His hands were of the psychic order, and were of marble whiteness, save the thumb and first finger of the right hand, that were stained from constant cigarette rolling—for he was an inveterate smoker—and had the longest fingers I have ever seen on a human being; they were, in fact, part of his general appearance of lankiness, that would have been uncanny, but for the geniality and sense of *bien être* that he gave off. His voice, low in tone, had an endearing quality in it, that was almost like a caress. He never made use of vernacularisms and was without the slightest Scotch accent; on the contrary, he spoke his English like a world citizen, speaking a universal

tongue, and always looked directly at the person spoken to." Very interesting and unusual, as well as attractive, must have been the combination in Stevenson of a certain courtliness that bespoke the "world citizen" with those opposite characteristics of his that marked the solitary and the dreamer. Charming all by his mere presence, he yet avoided society and shrank, not from "the great unwashed," as he was wont to declare, but from "the great washed."

. . .

BOOKSELLING TO LIBRARIES has come to be recognized by the trade as not richly remunerative in direct returns expressed in dollars and cents, so keen is the librarian in his quest for the very lowest of low competitive prices; and therefore more than one dealer has ceased to solicit library orders. But there are indirect advantages connected with the modestly-paid business of catering to libraries. Books that would not otherwise pass through the dealer's hands come into his shop and serve as samples for the securing of many an occasional order that brings him good profit and that would have escaped him under other conditions. The librarian, too, is not unwilling to turn custom in the direction of one who has served him fairly and honorably in the filling of orders; and the mere display of current literature on the library shelves serves as an advertisement from which the one who supplied that literature stands a chance of profiting in subsequent private sales. Much has been written and still more has been orally uttered on the subject of library book-buying and library discounts, and much more will doubtless be written and uttered; but not until its recent appearance in the "Bulletin" of the American Booksellers' Association have we had knowledge of the novel plan by which, if it should go into effect, library orders would be filled by the publisher directly, while he would soothe the feelings of the neglected local bookseller by presenting him with a ten-per-cent commission, if it may be so called, on all such sales. The scheme involves obvious difficulties, and there will be no cause for surprise if it does not speedily demonstrate its practicability.

. . .

THE ODIUM OF SELF-APPOINTED CENSORSHIP may and often does more than counterbalance the justness of an adverse criticism, especially when the criticism has to do with the delicate question of decency, or moral purity. That we see only what we have eyes to see, that we find in a book only what we find in ourselves, is a truth that may well deter one

from advertising one's discoveries of alleged indecency in a writer's pages. And so it is that the present censorious assaults upon Mr. Theodore Dreiser are quite as likely to work injury to the assailants as to Mr. Dreiser; more likely, in fact. In a brief and well-considered protest from the Authors' League against "the efforts now being made to destroy the work of Theodore Dreiser," it may be that these efforts are taken too seriously, and that the fear expressed lest they "do great damage to the freedom of letters in the United States" is groundless; but there is some truth in the assertion that "the method of the attack, with its attempt to ferret out blasphemy and indecency where they are not, and to condemn a serious artist under a law aimed at common rogues, is unjust and absurd." A general protest on the part of writers is asked for against "interference by persons who, by their own statement, judge all books by narrow and impossible standards," and a plea is made for "such amendments to the existing laws as will prevent such persecutions in future." Mr. Harold Hersey, 33 West 42d Street, New York, is sending out copies of this protest for signature by American writers. After all, there is a humorous aspect to this whole affair, serious though it be in the eyes of the Authors' League; and Mr. Dreiser will not be the last person to see it. His books are receiving the best imaginable free advertising, as his next semi-annual check for royalties will very agreeably prove to him.

. . .

WHERE "RAMONA" IS THE MOST POPULAR NOVEL need not puzzle any reader of the book to determine very quickly. California, the scene of the romance, is naturally the region where its hold on readers shows least sign of slackening. At Redlands, for example, a city of about ten thousand inhabitants, it requires fifteen or more copies of the book to supply the constant demand at the public library. We say advisedly "fifteen or more," for though fifteen have been bought by the library, the librarian reports the book scarcely ever "in," and four copies have been read to pieces and thrown away. This excellent romance, it is further announced by the same authority, is now going (or already has gone) to press for its seventy-seventh edition, which means that it has run through an average of more than two editions each year since its first appearance thirty-three years ago; and the number of copies put into circulation reaches the grand total of three million eight hundred thousand.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S NEW CHRIST.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Three questions are involved in the case of "The Brook Kerith," by Mr. George Moore, so intelligently and presciently reviewed in your latest issue. First, is it defensible as art to seize upon an historical character of high importance and deliberately to transform that character? So much as this is true that the Jesus of the New Testament is not the Jesus of this piece of literary work. The motives involved in this falsification are so obvious and so reprehensible as to create at once a prejudice against the fabrication. And a prejudice against anything assuming to be an art-product is evidence against its claims to merit.

It is bad enough to seize upon an historical character and then for the purposes of fiction to set forth its logical development outside the realm of reality. But this is another case.

The second question raised by the novel is whether or not an offense has been committed against the truth. If Jesus as presented in the New Testament is not essential truth, then Christianity is false and should perish; for in any warfare between a religion and truth, the religion must and should fail. But by various devices aiming at verisimilitude, the novelist in "The Brook Kerith" assumes the falsity of the ancient documents, thereby begging the question involved. Now this question happens to be a critical one to individuals and to mankind; for if the Jesus of the Scriptures is essentially false, then every part of the Christian civilization founded upon this falsity must ultimately fail. The tremendous import of this proposition is such as to lift it out of the field of fiction into that of science in its most serious mood.

This reflection forces one into the disposition to inquire whether the novelist is intellectually competent for the task assumed. It takes more than even Odysseus to bend this bow. We are now asking once more: Which is more incomprehensible, that some writers should have invented Jesus or that he was what he said he was? Here opens the twenty-centuries controversy, into which Mr. George Moore has thrown his frail contribution.

The third question is, why any novelist should consider the religious mind as fair game. The orthodox believer, for whatever reason, from whatever instinct, in whatever his circumstances of life, is a very familiar figure because of his compounding of the apparently diverse qualities of positive convictions and of quick and often extreme sensitiveness. The one result of such a novel is to harden his heart against all novels, good and bad. There are millions of Christian believers who never open a novel because they fear to come upon things of this kind. Thereby the market for novels is greatly limited; and what is far worse, many a truly great and good book goes unread by the orthodox.

Unreasonable? Not in the least. There are tens of thousands of good books not novels. Not only

so, but a very large number of orthodox believers who will never read novels are readers of more or less scientific books that search the foundations of Christianity. A serious man inquiring for truth has a dignity whence he derives the right to be considered. But the man of imagination and sentiment invading carelessly and wantonly a world beyond his range and powers can but bring his own performances into such questions as are here raised.

The person of Jesus is no more available property for inventive novel-writing than is a cathedral a suitable theatre for vaudeville. And the novel-producer who does not see this is as much to be pitied as is the man who is color-blind in a world of beauty.

W. E. CHANCELLOR.

College of Wooster, Ohio, September 28, 1916.

BLAKE'S DESIGNS FOR YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake" (page 136) there is a reference to the 537 designs made by Blake in illustration of Young's "Night Thoughts," which were at that time in the possession of Mr. Bain of the Haymarket, London. Forty-three of these designs were published on this side, but I understand that the remaining 494 drawings were sold to America some years ago. Can any of your readers inform me if these latter have ever been published, and in whose hands they now are? It is the wish of our recently-formed Blake Society, of which I am a Vice-President, to coöperate in the publication of these designs, if such work is contemplated, and to be brought into communication with their present owner.

J. FOSTER HOWE.

Fairhaven, Lewes, England, September 16, 1916.

THE WORLD OF TO-MORROW.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It may be assumed that the kind of "discussion" proper to your columns should be postulated upon the literary treatment of subjects rather than upon the subjects themselves, historical, philosophical, or political. But where a critic takes occasion to use an author's text for the enforcement of his own views upon a tremendous practical issue, it may be permitted, perhaps, in the way of disseminating "information"—another specification of your programme—to point out how the views of the author and his critic are actually being promoted. Mr. H. G. Wells (whose counsel to the Germans, that the continuance of the war would be unlikely if they would overthrow the Hohenzollern dynasty, should have been embodied in tracts dropped into Berlin by aviators) is all for a frank definition of issues and the creation of conditions based on principles of international justice, that hatreds and jealousies may die out. Meeting the vagueness of the "pacifist," the perpetuated menace of preparedness, and the permanent militarism of the "League to Enforce Peace," we of the Free Trade League ought to win the

approval of Mr. Wells and his reviewer in our propaganda of "free exchanges" as the best basis of world peace.

Leaders in the nations now engaged in the great European war have lately put forth certain schemes for new tariff enactments, or business international boycotts, to be brought into force after the close of the war, thus inaugurating a great economic struggle, involving losses and disasters which might in the end prove to be greater than those that have resulted from the conflict of arms. On the contrary, we should look forward to the evolution of a real international spirit. The governments of the world are increasingly coming under the control of the peoples themselves, and these peoples must be aroused to a sense of the truth that their interests, their welfare, and their safety can be secured only through civilized international relations. The settlement that will bring about an assured peace will not be secured through the action of the rulers or of "empire-builders." It must be the work of representatives of the people, of upholders of democratic principles, of men ready to work for the service of mankind. Here is a plain duty,—to arouse public opinion in the United States in support of the contention that protection is itself a form of war, that war brings about an extreme application of protection, and that freedom of trade constitutes an essential factor towards securing and maintaining the peace of the world. Thus may our influence and our example be utilized, in the settlement that is to follow this war, towards breaking down the protective barriers between nations,—barriers which do so much to create prejudice and to bring about the irritations that have too often resulted in war. The fullest possible interchange between peoples of the world, not only of goods but of ideas, ideals, and human sympathy, constitutes the essential foundation for such a world's federation as is the hope of all who are striving for the higher principles of civilization and of humanity.

ERVING WINSLOW.

Boston, Mass., September 26, 1916.

BY VIRTUE OF FORM!

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of August 15, Mr. H. E. Warner comes to the conclusion that free verse is prose, "generally speaking, spite of protest," and that "poetry, good or bad, is poetry by virtue of its form," by which he apparently means the rhymed stanza form. He slides over the blank-verse difficulty by remarking that "blank verse is the easiest of all, and except in a few hands, the least satisfactory." "Rhyme adds wonderfully to the effect and also to the difficulty. It is a dull ear, nevertheless, that does not find an increase of beauty in this complexity," etc.

It is useless to argue with a critic of this sort. If poetry is such by virtue of its form, primarily, and if the complexity of the form means an increase of beauty, then de Banville's pantoums and Andrew Lang's double ballades are the highest poetry we possess. And if the sonnet is a "form of intrinsic beauty," "a gem not a prize squash,"

why is it that in the next breath, Mr. Warner admits that the perfect sonnet does not exist?

No sane architectural critic would dare to suggest that because of its wonderful complexity of pattern designing, the Alhambra was the finest building in the world; no musical critic would hold Josquin des Pres the greatest of composers, because he wrote double canons and triple fugues; no critic of painting would hold that a Persian enamelled tile was better art than Titian's "Bacchanal." Are we to apply the same standard to poetry that has been applied to other arts for centuries? or are we to go on classifying poetry as something artificial, remote, useless, and difficult, like chess-playing?

I pass over Mr. Warner's feeble attempt to analyze the substance of certain *vers libre* poets, and once again, come to grips with him on this matter of form. Like all critics of his stamp, he tries the well-worn device of printing poetry as prose, and prose as poetry, declaring that the lines in each case might be variously divided. Here is another case of the same thing in which similarly, as he might say, the lines can be divided variously:

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
burned on the water; the hoop was beaten gold,
purple the sails, and so perfumed that the winds were
lovesick with them, the oars were silver, which to the
tune of flutes kept stroke and made the water which
they beat to follow faster as amorous of their
strokes. For her own person, it beggared all descrip-
tion; she did lie in her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of
tissue—o'er picturing that Venus where we see the
fancy outwork Nature; on each side her stood
pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids with divers-
colored fans, whose wind did seem to glow the deli-
cate cheeks which they did cool, and what they undid,
did.

Will Mr. Warner please answer plainly the plain question: Is *that* prose, or poetry?

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

London, England, September 18, 1916.

Among the forthcoming books of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons is a problem play by Rose Pastor Stokes, in which the question is raised and answered whether, even though there be the most compelling reason for marriage, with disgrace as the alternative, a man and a woman have the moral right to enter matrimony when love is wanting to sanctify the relation.

Dr. Gaston Bodart's recently published monograph on "Losses of Life in Modern Wars," under the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, will shortly be followed in the same series by a study of "Epidemics Resulting from Wars," written by Dr. Friedrich Prinzing and edited by Professor Harold Westergaard, of the University of Copenhagen. Dr. Prinzing's survey, which is coming from the Oxford University Press, goes back beyond the Thirty Years' War and comes down to the last Balkan campaign, with a closing chapter on "Epidemics in Besieged Strongholds," from the siege of Mantua (1796-7) to that of Port Arthur (1904).

The New Books.

DIVERSIONS OF A DIPLOMAT.*

With hat cocked over one ear and arms akimbo Lord Redesdale looks jauntily out from the frontispiece of his "Memories," a generously inclusive collection of personal anecdote and reminiscence covering a long life of public service and varied private activities and interests. The author's recent death at nearly eighty years of age has helped to draw attention to these diverting volumes, in which so many of the titled and famous of his time give distinction as well as animation to his pages.

Leaving to the curious in such matters the details of ancestry, of pedigree, of family history, with which the opening chapter deals, let us pass at once to the store of anecdote, historic, diplomatic, political, literary, and of many other kinds, constituting the bulk of the work. Versatility speaks in every chapter; for Lord Redesdale was an author, a musician, an art connoisseur, a traveller, a big-game hunter, at one time an enviably successful horse-racer (if one's envy turn in that direction), and long a leader in London society, besides being versed in the secrets of the Foreign Office and in the subtleties of diplomacy. A seat in Parliament and various high offices at home came to him, or were won by him, in addition to his appointments at St. Petersburg, Peking, and Tokio. Above all, he shows a gift of more than casual observation, an alertness to many sorts of significant occurrences by the way, a receptivity to manifold impressions, and a remarkably retentive memory. It was only near the end of his life that he began to record his recollections, but with rapid and seemingly not inaccurate pen he fills two large volumes with an uninterrupted succession of more or less minute details. He gives point to his narrative, too, with many an apt and ready quotation or allusion both from classic and modern sources.

That he was a good classical scholar is to be inferred not only from his own writings but also from a commendatory word quoted, with justifiable satisfaction, from Dean Gaisford. Of this Oxford dignitary he presents us an imposing picture in a few pen-strokes.

Dean Gaisford was a great potentate: not only was his scholarship superb, but he was also a ruler of men. When he nodded, Olympus trembled. When he stood up at the altar in Christ Church and

thundered out the first Commandment, with a long pause after the "I" and a strong insistence on the "Me," he would look round the cathedral sternly, as much as to say, "I should like to see the undergraduate, or the graduate either, for that matter, who will dare to dispute that proposition." His famous utterance in a sermon, "St. Paul says, and I partly agree with him," has become a classic. But he was like the Nasmyth Hammer: he could crush a rock or flatten out a rose-leaf. Jelf had a good story of the way in which he once petrified a very young Don who at one of his dinners ate an apple in a way which he did not consider to be quite orthodox.

Something approaching intimacy marked the relations between Lord Redesdale and the late King Edward, which will account for the considerable space devoted to that sovereign's sayings and doings in the nobleman's book. "My recollection of the King, which I wish to place on record," he says in one place, "is that of a character made up of various qualities—a monarch deeply impressed with the duties and obligations of his exalted station; a man intensely human, and, let his critics say what they will, altogether lovable." Significant at this time is the author's remembrance of King Edward's agitation upon hearing of Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in 1908, in violation of the Treaty of Berlin. The King had only recently visited the Austrian Emperor at Ischl, where the Eastern Question had been discussed with apparent frankness and intimacy, and there had been a most friendly parting, with full assurance on the side of the departing guest that no cloud lurked on the horizon. But, as the writer proceeds,—

Now, without a word of warning, all was changed. The King was indignant, for nobody knew better than he did the danger of tampering with the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, and he saw that to make any change in the Turkish provinces was to light a fuse which, sooner or later, was bound to fire a powder magazine. Personally, the King felt that he had been treacherously deceived. His forecast of the danger, which he communicated at the time to me, showed him to be possessed of that prevision which marks the statesman. Every word that he uttered that day has come true.

As the author observes in the next paragraph, the King recognized his limitations as a constitutional ruler; it was not for him to start alliances, but he could make them possible. "There were Ministers before his time; could they have removed obstacles and softened asperities as he did? He knew, moreover, that no Sovereign, no Government, could utter a command like that of the first day of creation: 'Let there be peace.' He knew that he must work for it, and he did—incessantly. To the world's sorrow another monarch in another country has said, 'Let there be war!' and there was war."

*MEMORIES. By Lord Redesdale, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

An acquaintance with Carlyle extending "from before 1850 to the time of his death" has contributed something, but not so much as could be wished, to the book's collection of pen portraits. Mention is made of the well-known Carlyle peculiarities, and the attractive qualities are affectionately dwelt upon. "He did not suffer fools gladly," the author admits, "and he could not brook being lionized, but during all the years that I knew him . . . he was always kind to everybody with whom I saw him—kind and, in his rough way, considerate. . . . I have walked with him and sat with him by the hour, without hearing him say an ill-natured word of man or woman." Of Mrs. Carlyle not quite so pleasing a picture is painted. Though it is denied emphatically that she was in the least jealous of Lady Ashburton, it is asserted that "there was something else of which the lady was jealous, and that was the agony of concentration which her husband's work meant for him. At moments her *sava indignatio* against 'that Carlyle,' as she would somewhat contemptuously call him, passed all bounds." An example follows, which, as it is given on another's authority, may perhaps safely be taken with modifications:

One day my aunt went to call upon her and found her in one of her tantrums—what was the matter, she asked. "Oh, my dear, it's just that Carlyle! Would you believe it, I have had a headache for three days, and he's only just found it out. 'I'm afraid you're not quite well, my dear,' he said—and all the time he has been working, working! I just threw a tea-cup at his head." Petruccio had a bad time of it that day.

Exaggeration, so inevitable in gossip, must have colored this anecdote. Perhaps Mrs. Carlyle was moved to exclaim, "I could have thrown a tea-cup at his head," but any such actual passage of table-ware is inconceivable. So too is the alleged occurrence that immediately follows, which will be found on page 653 of the second volume, but is hardly quotable in this place.

Here is a passing sketch of Browning, lover of music, and maker of music in verse, but strangely unmusical in vocal utterance:

He was very pleasant and agreeable, handsome in a rather leonine way, but his conversation lost some of its charm owing to his rasping, grating voice. I once heard him read one of his poems, "The Ride to Ghent," at the house of Lady Stanley of Alderly. There were only about a dozen people present; it was not a pleasing performance; the effect of the poetry was marred by that hoarse croak, like that of Edgar Allan Poe's raven, and though he read with intense emotion he failed to touch. Had he possessed the attraction of a musical speaking voice he would have been irresistible.

A visit to America in 1873 fills two chapters of some length, in which a buffalo-hunt and

the vastness of the great West receive especial emphasis, with considerable attention given to Brigham Young and the Mormons. Russia, China, and Japan furnish their expected liberal supply of interesting matter to the book, some of the author's best years having been spent in his country's service in those distant lands. Here is his presentation of the Mikado of half a century ago, an apparition destined ere long to fade in the rapid encroachment of occidental upon oriental manners and customs:

He was dressed in a white coat with long padded trousers of crimson silk trailing like a lady's court-train. His head-dress was the same as that of his courtiers, though as a rule it was surmounted by a long, stiff, flat plume of black gauze. I call it plume for want of a better word, but there was nothing feathery about it. His eyebrows were shaved off and painted in high up on the forehead; his cheeks were rouged and his lips painted with red and gold. His teeth were blackened. It was no small feat to look dignified under such a travesty of nature; but the *sangre azul* would not be denied.

Lord Redesdale's "Memories" is a book without rancor, as such a book ought to be; but its judgments of men, while charitable, necessarily have something of that personal prejudice without which any collection of memoirs would be in danger of insipidity. With Gladstone's name the author couples "the unhappy dislocation caused by his Irish policy," and adds: "It has taken forty-four years to show the full value of the theft of Alsace and Lorraine. What will be said of Home Rule forty-four years hence? Let us pray!" Portraits and other illustrations play their customary welcome part in these volumes, which contain many a spare half-hour of good reading if their bulk should deter from consecutive perusal—a treatment of books that many, including Dr. Johnson, have scouted as an excess of obsequious deference.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A STOREHOUSE OF MYTHOLOGY.*

There are few subjects upon which more learning has been expended by scholars of distinction than that of mythology. Conjectures in regard to the origins and distribution of myths have given rise to numerous theories both startling and fascinating.

Many of these scholars have been possessed by a preconceived idea, which led each one to

*THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. Edited by Louis Herbert Gray, A.M., Ph.D., and George Foot Moore, A.M., D.D., LL.D. Volume X., North American Mythology, by Hartley Burr Alexander, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy, University of Nebraska. Illustrated in color, etc. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. (Sold only in sets of thirteen volumes, by subscription.)

explain all myths by his own especial formula. The Solar School, and the Anthropological School, for example, with Max Müller and Andrew Lang as their respective leaders, waged great intellectual battles, each insisting upon the paramountcy of its own explanation. In the midst of the battle, Sir James G. Frazer, like the dog in the nursery tale, carried off the bone with his tree and vegetational hypothesis. But the bone did not remain long in his sole possession, for to-day the survey of the whole field of mythology perceives that every scholar has a right to his nibble at the bone, and that each one has evolved a theory which explains one or more elements in the origins and growth of myth. The task now before the scholar is to make these various theories fit into some general scheme.

In the meantime, lay readers, for the most part unconscious of the profound interest taken by men of learning in the early thoughts and imaginings of the human race, have read myths, or rather mutilations of myths, simply because they found them interesting as stories.

When one considers the vast amount of expert knowledge which has been for years accumulating about the myths of all races, it would seem as if the appropriate moment had arrived for the initiation of the general reader into a deeper and more widespread understanding of mythology as a cultural study, recording the religious, scientific, and imaginative development of the human mind. The art and literature of the world cannot be properly comprehended without a knowledge of Culture Mythologies; while in primitive myths, the beginnings of religious aspiration, scientific method, and philosophical conjecture are found. Primitive man had as strong a desire to know the causes of things as has the scientist to-day. Observation, curiosity about the things observed, a wish to control natural forces, aided by a most astonishing imagination, led on the one hand to myths of explanation, and on the other to ceremonies in sympathetic magic; and from these grew primitive religion, literature, and art. To know the story of the development of myths is to know the first chapter in sociology and psychology,—a chapter rich in a strangeness and variety, arousing wonder and admiration hardly to be called forth by any subsequent chapter in human development.

It is a source of genuine satisfaction, therefore, that, under the general editorship of Dr. Louis Herbert Gray, one who is thoroughly equipped in this field, a comprehensive work upon the "Mythology of All Races" has been undertaken, and is now issuing from the press.

This work will be completed in thirteen volumes, five of which are to be ready by December of this year. The thoroughness of the survey and the assurance of scholarly and authoritative work are evidenced in the titles of the volumes, and the names of their respective authors. The first volume, on Greek and Roman Mythology, is by Professor W. Sherwood Fox, of Princeton University. The second volume, devoted to Teutonic Mythology, is by Dr. Axel Olrik, of the University of Copenhagen, author of "The Epic Poetry of Denmark" and other important works. The third volume is divided between Celtic and Slavic: Canon John A. MacCulloch, Rector of St. Saviour's, Bridge of Allan, Scotland, and author of "The Childhood of Fiction," etc., writes on the Celtic Myths; and the Slavic section is written by Professor Jan Machal, of the Bohemian University of Prague, the author of important works on Slavic Mythology which have never been translated. In the fourth volume, Dr. Uno Holmberg, of the University of Finland, writes of the Finno-Ugric and Siberian Mythology. The fifth volume, on Semitic Mythology, is by Captain R. Campbell Thompson, the author of several well known works upon Oriental mythological subjects. The sixth volume is divided between India and Persia,—the first being dealt with by Professor A. Berriedale Keith, of Edinburgh University, author of the "Vedic Index of Names and Subjects," and the second by Professor A. J. Carnoy of the University of Louvain, author of the "Religion of the Avesta" and other works. The seventh volume includes Armenian Mythology, by Professor Neardiros Anani Kian, of the Kennedy School of Missions, and the Mythology of the Pagan Africans by George Foucart, head of the French Institute of Oriental Archaeology at Cairo and the author of "La Méthode Comparative dans l'Histoire des Religions." Chinese Mythology, by Professor U. Hattori of the Imperial University of Tokio, and Japanese Mythology by Professor Masaharu Anesaki, also of the University of Tokio, make up the eighth volume. The ninth volume, by Professor Roland Burrage Dixon of Harvard University, author of "Maidu Texts," discusses the Mythology of the Nealayo-Polynesian and Australian peoples. The tenth and eleventh volumes treat of North American, Central and South American Indian Mythology, and both are by Professor Hartley B. Alexander, of the University of Nebraska, author of numerous articles on the American Indians. The twelfth volume includes ancient Egyptian Mythology by Pro-

fessor Max Müller of the University of Pennsylvania, author of "Egyptological Researches," etc., and the Mythology of Burma, Siam, and Annam, by Sir George Scott, editor of "The Upper Burma Gazetteer."

Much of this material—as for example, the mythologies of the Slavs, the Armenians, the Australians, and the Siberians—will come before English readers for the first time.

In planning this set of books, the authors and publishers have had in mind both the needs of the general reader who is awaking to the importance of a more unified study of mythology, and those of the student. The general reader will find in the body of the text a broad survey of "simple facts" as they have been presented chiefly by travellers, missionaries, and anthropologists. The intention, as outlined by Dr. Gray in his preface, is not to bring forward any special theory of mythology which seeks to solve every problem by one and the same formula, but to give the facts in the case, leaving the theories to take care of themselves, as they can safely be trusted to do when built upon solid foundations; and yet so to relate the different volumes that they will not form a chance collection of monographs, but an organic whole. The work aims to be scientific in the best sense, and at the same time eminently readable,—“to set forth myths as living entities, and, because each writer knows and loves the mythology of which he treats, to fill the reader with enthusiasm.” Furthermore, as Dr. Gray expresses it, “there will be nothing in our series that can be, in Roman Catholic phrase, ‘offensive to pious ears.’” The student will find information of a technical nature in copious notes at the end of each volume, a bibliography of the works consulted in the preparation of the volume, and in the thirteenth volume an Index, prepared by the Editor, which will give not merely the names and subjects discussed in the various volumes, but also a topical arrangement by which variant myths and mythic themes of the different peoples may be found readily and accurately.

The plan is, on the whole, an excellent one. It will be recognized at once, however, that the value of the work to scholars will be somewhat discounted by the consideration accorded to “pious ears.” On the other hand, the scholar will not be harmed by dwelling upon the more beautiful consummations of primitive imagination; while the general reader will find only what will delight and stimulate him. It was no doubt also a sensible determination that no preconceived the-

ories were to be adopted in the interpretation of myth. But it may be said that the day of a “single key to all the mythologies” has passed away with the passing of George Eliot’s *Casaubon*. In a general sense, the various collaborators may be able to live up to the determination of presenting “mere facts,” but it is doubtful whether any genuine scholar in mythology can be wholly satisfied with mere description. If he ventures upon any interpretation whatever, it must be colored by his own or received theories in regard to origins, variations, and distributions. Nor would such coloring of fact detract in the least from the interest felt by the general reader. Rather would it help to coördinate and fix in his mind the knowledge he has gained, and indicate to him the true value of mythology in mind-development. Fortunately, each author is given full latitude to plan and arrange his own section; and we confidently prophesy that the presentation of “mere facts” will be enriched by much interesting interpretation in line with the most advanced scholarship. Indeed, the prophecy is already fulfilled in the first volume to appear,—that on “North American Mythology,” by Dr. Hartley Burr Alexander.

In his Introduction, Professor Alexander has passed in review the sources of primitive inspiration,—all of which once belonged in the region of the hypothetical conjectures of scholars. These are the suggestions of environing nature, the analogies of human nature, both psychical and physiological, imagination and borrowings. Enlarging upon these suggestions, he gives a most interesting and comprehensive sketch of the general characteristics of North American Mythology, in the course of which he touches upon many of the theories which have been advanced.

In Professor Alexander’s opinion a distinction must be made between myth and religion proper; though intimately related, they are not identical. “The Indian’s religion,” he tells us, “must be studied in his rites, while many mythic heroes are not important in ritual at all.” Myths, he declares, belong more properly to the realm of science and aesthetics than to that of religion,—or, as he continues, myths detailing causes, so being related to science in its infancy, are “perhaps the only stories that may properly be called myths.” It may be questioned whether the “search for the cause” is not the chief underlying element in both religion and science,—one differentiating through various stages in which magic plays a part into ceremonies for the honor or propitiation of the cause; the other through magic also into ceremonies for

the control of the cause. Imagination, coloring every stage, finally breaks loose and works solely on its own account. Then we leave the purely æsthetic myth,—in which, however, are survivals of the previous stages. Why are they not all mythology in different phases of growth? Professor Alexander himself proves the impossibility of getting away from religion when writing on mythology, for he constantly describes the gods of the different Indian tribes, which descriptions he evidently derives from both ritual and explanatory myths.

It is a matter of some regret to the reviewer that Professor Alexander does not give in his Introduction a detailed account of animism and its relations to clan totemism and personal totemism or guardian spirits; also, of the practices of sympathetic magic, even if some points here are still in the "preconceived idea" stage. Certainly primitive civilization based upon these ideas underlies the mythology of the savage, just as surely as our civilization to-day underlies all our literature. One already possessed of the knowledge feels everywhere in the description and myths the prevailing influence of animism; yet it is nowhere expressly dealt with except in a short note. Again, totemism is only mentioned expressly in the text in connection with the Indians of the North Pacific Coast, though there are a few references to it in the notes. These omissions from the Introduction may be due, as already hinted, to the fact that many points in regard to these subjects are still in the controversial stage, and the author may therefore have decided that it would be better to refer to them only in connection with the separate descriptions in the body of the text, generally under other terms. Or it may be due to the fact that Professor Alexander seems to be especially interested in the cosmic and geographical aspects of myths.

This brings us to the body of the text, which shows an amazing knowledge of the myths, especially the cosmogonic and hero types, of the North American Indian. The influence of geographical situation and climate is everywhere traced; and comparisons of the myths of different regions are made, bringing out the similarities and variations. Many curious parallels are also drawn between American myths and those of classical antiquity.

Professor Alexander has certainly fulfilled with conspicuous success the task he set for himself,—that is, "a kind of critical reconstruction of a North American Mythology." This was an immensely difficult task. "Beliefs vary from tribe to tribe, even from clan to clan; yet throughout, if one's attention be

broadly directed there are fundamental similarities and uniformities that afford a basis" for such a reconstruction. No single tribe and no group of tribes has completely expressed this mythology—much less has any realized the form; but the student of Indian lore can scarcely fail to become conscious of a coherent system of myths, of which the Indians themselves might have become aware in course of time if the intervention of Old World ideas had not confused them. All who read the book will feel that, for the first time, they truly know the North American Indian in all his fantasticalness and in all his profundity.

Under divisions treating of such tempting subjects as "The Great Spirit," "The Deluge," "The Theft of Fire," "Tricksters and Wonder Folk," "Spirits, Ghosts, and Bogies," "Prophets and Ghost Dances," "Sun Worship," besides the cosmogonic myths of Algonquians, Athapascans, Iroquoian, Pueblo, Zuni, and many others, will be found a rich mine of Indian lore, made especially valuable both to ordinary readers and to the student by the illuminating observations and interpretations of the author. The notes at the end add much valuable information on technical points, with references to their sources, and, with the full bibliography and map of the distribution of American linguistic stocks, add scholarly weight to the volume.

A word should be said of the admirable scheme of illustration, which aims to include pictures of deities or of mythic incidents as delineated by the people who themselves believed in those deities or incidents. In the volume before us the illustrations are full of interest, not only for the light they throw upon the text, but for their intrinsic significance and the excellence of their reproduction. Good paper, large and handsome type, and substantial binding in brown buckram lend their aid to the permanent value of the series.

Publishers and authors alike are to be congratulated upon this brilliant inaugural volume, which in constructive interpretation and fascinating information more than fulfills the promises of its author and the general editor.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

The following volumes, among others, are announced for early issue by the Open Court Publishing Co.: "The Contingency of the Laws of Nature," by M. Emile Boutroux; "A Modern Job: An Essay on the Problem of Evil," by M. Etienne Giran; and the "Works of William Oughtred," edited by M. Florian Cajori.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A REFORMER.*

It has been a matter of common knowledge that Mrs. Mary Fels had no need to shine in the reflected light of her altogether unique husband, but that she is in a very real sense what the astronomers call "self-luminous." If proof of this were required, it is given conclusively in her book recently published, "Joseph Fels: His Life-Work." It would be difficult to over-praise this biography as an achievement in that most delicate of the fine arts, the art of literary portrait-painting. When the subject and author stand to each other in the relationship of husband and wife, it can be no easy task to subordinate the part of lover and companion to that of the impartial biographer; but this Mrs. Fels has accomplished with signal success, and has presented a portrait which will be universally accepted as a faithful and life-like memorial of one who may well be regarded as typical of all that is best in the progressive spirit of our seething times. Mrs. Fels has painted with a full brush, a firm hand, a delicate sense of color, high lights, and shadows; yet with a certain reserve and restraint that go far to contribute to the charm of the book. We are not troubled with that undue attention to detail which is so common a weakness in those biographies in which the affections are deeply engaged; and the breadth of treatment is such as to satisfy the most impressionistic of literary tastes. The knowledge and understanding of the underlying principles of political economy displayed by the author hold the reader's attention from beginning to end; and the various phases in the evolution of Mr. Fels's attitude towards the social problem, showing the transition from the platform of the philanthropist to that of the apostle of liberty, are presented in their proper order.

Accepting the Carlylean dictum that universal history is at bottom the history of the great men who have descended among us, and that "if we could see *them* well we should get some glimpses into the very marrow of the world's history," then we cannot have too many biographies of the sort we now so heartily welcome. For it is only through a clear comprehension of the psychological and spiritual forces latent and active in our great men and women, especially those of revolutionary tendencies, that we can rightly understand the essential nature of the society that produced them and their probable reaction upon that society. That Joseph Fels was in mind and character the product of the world-

conditions under which he lived and worked, particularly of the new-world conditions prevailing in the United States, we cannot doubt. No other time could have evolved him, and probably no other country than America as it has been during the last few decades. His life shows in macrocosm the same features exhibited by the corporate life of the American people in macrocosm,—the seemingly incongruous combination of practicality with idealism, the healthy boyish delight in the great game of business for its own sake, the frankly-admitted shrewdness in the driving of bargains, the underlying sense of justice and fair-play that refuses to blind itself to the fact that the scales are somehow loaded in his favor and against the losers in the game, the experimental and futile attempts to discover and remedy this bias in the balance of economic forces,—in all these experiences we trace a similarity to the course through which the collective mind of the nation is slowly threading its way. And herein lies the value of such lives,—that in them the larger world sees itself reflected. In so far as they have failed to solve the sphinx's riddle, society is warned; in so far as they have succeeded, society is encouraged; but, more important than all, through them the inextinguishable spark of hope is fanned into a flame, and a faith in the principle of progress and the justice of the eternal order takes the place of that pessimism which pictures our present society as rushing headlong to chaos and destruction,—like the fate that physicists tell us awaits the planet when the centrifugal forces shall have worn themselves out and nothing hinders our precipitate plunge into the fires of the sun.

A life of incessant action must necessarily be full of dramatic interest; and when a man's activities, though running counter to all the conservative forces of his age and sympathetically to that tide of aspiration which is each generation's witness to the persistence of the will-to-live, are supported by the kudos which wealth brings and the respect which intellect and altruism always command, he inevitably attracts from all classes of society those whose spirits vibrate to the same rhythm. Thus we feel no surprise at the intimate friendships formed by Mr. Fels with Henry George and Tom L. Johnson in America; and with Keir Hardie, General Booth, Israel Zangwill, George Lansbury, Patrick Geddes, Margaret MacMillan, and others across the Atlantic. "The American who came interfering in the domestic affairs of England" did much to quicken the moral sense of that country, to stimulate its zeal

* JOSEPH FELS: HIS LIFE-WORK. By Mary Fels. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

for reform, to enlighten it as to the meaning of freedom, and to liberate it from the mental thralldom induced by centuries of habituation to hereditary aristocracies. It is not easy for Americans to realize the strange feeling of partly pleased, partly alarmed, surprise with which Englishmen regarded the appearance of a land-reformer exhibiting not a vestige of that traditional respect for the titles and symbols of nobility which has woven itself into the warp and woof of the British mind; who could write an open letter to the Duke of Montrose as from one exploiter of industry to another, reminding His Grace that in spite of his gentility he was doing no better than the worst of them in robbing the people of Glasgow of a large sum of money as the price of permission to take water at their own expense from the natural reservoir of Loch Katrine.

The contact of Mr. Fels with British members of parliament and the poor-law authorities in his many efforts to provide, through the utilization of waste lands and by means of farm colonies, some kind of employment for the poor that would be free of that stigma of charity which he hated as by an inborn instinct, is full of romantic interest. It is indeed reminiscent at many points of the struggle of his great kinsman Moses with the conservative forces of Egypt on behalf of the oppressed Israelites; and the total response accorded to his efforts might appropriately have been summed up in the words of the writer of Exodus: "They be idle; therefore let more work be laid upon them that they may labor therein; and let them not regard vain words." His impeachment of the institution of landlordism, onwards from the point at which he became convinced that here he had discovered the pivot on which the entire social problem revolves, recalls the denunciations of the later Hebrew prophets of the iniquity of "adding field to field so that the people have no room."

The passages which tell of the encouragement and assistance given by Mr. Fels to the cause of woman suffrage are interesting as showing the keenness of instinct by which he detected every line of approach to that condition which must underlie all human progress,—the condition of freedom; and the author's own defense of the feminist movement, covering three or four pages, is perhaps one of the clearest and most incisive statements of the case for the emancipation of women that has yet been seen. The few pages which Mrs. Fels devotes to dealing with the attitude of Mr. Fels to the Zionist movement are of deep interest, especially in view of the

recent developments of enthusiasm among the Jewish people on the subject of the colonization of Palestine.

By a fine artistic fitness the purely domestic part of this impressive career is reserved for a short chapter at the close of the book and is headed "personal." Without this the volume would have been incomplete; yet the author, with a discrimination we much admire, has frankly recognized that the chief interest of the public in its great men lies in their relation to the *Zeitgeist*, or the larger currents of thought and movements of political opinion. By the aid of two excellent portraits, the few personal details given in this final chapter recall the living man as he walked among us, with a vividness that is almost magical. Those who, like the reviewer, were privileged to know Mr. Fels with even a small degree of intimacy, will feel towards his biographer a large sense of gratitude for having provided us with a fitting memorial of a lovable friend, but still more so for having given to the world an interior view of a type of character that may yet redeem America from the charge under which she lies of subserviency to the god Mammon; and which indeed, in the largest sense possible, may prove the ultimate salvation of our unhappy civilization.

ALEX. MACKENDRICK.

A MASTER MUSICIAN.*

One of the signs of musical appreciation is the evidence of interest in the personality of the great master spirits of music. Music is fundamentally a medium for the emotions; but it has its intellectual aspect. We cannot intelligently contrast the music of Palestrina and Liszt, for example, without knowing something of the historic background of these men; nor are we fitted to speak of a Haydn symphony and a Strauss tone-poem unless we know why it was mechanically impossible for Haydn to obtain a Strauss effect. Yet if you should place in a hat the names of a score of the world's greatest composers, how many average concert-goers could even arrange them in chronological order, let alone give a concise statement of their several places in music! Not that the survival of such a test is essential to, or guarantees, the inner quality that makes for understanding and assimilation of the divine in music; but surely he is a better channel for the indescribable surge of great music who has acquired some

* HANDEL. By Romain Rolland. Translated by A. Eaglefield Hull. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

definite knowledge of the evolution of musical art and of the lives of those precious few who could listen to the music of the gods and reduce it to vibrations that ordinary mortal ears can register. So all that helps to an acquaintance with the lives of musical composers, with the periods of musical development in which they lived, and with the spirit of the times in which they labored, is of the greatest value not merely to the few who seek technical proficiency, but to the many who attempt to be what have happily been called "creative listeners."

This is the service which Romain Rolland performed in "Musicians of Former Days" and "Musicians of To-day," and which he repeats in his brief but excellent sketch of the life and technique of George Frederick Handel. The book is written in a popular style, for the general reader, and occupies a field quite apart from that of the elaborate works of Chrysander and Schoelcher. Yet M. Rolland makes his book readable by sound methods. He does not deal with the legendary Handel; he gives no weight to such stories as that of Handel's learning to play on a clavi-chord smuggled into the garret, or of Handel's following on foot the carriage in which his father journeyed to Weissenfels (where the Duke of Saxony obtained paternal consent to the boy's musical education), which are recounted even in Grove's Dictionary. The narrative is straightforward and authenticated, and gives an excellent impression of the historicity of the man who was, in a sense, Beethoven's John the Baptist.

The book is particularly valuable for the illuminating background which M. Rolland furnishes by his description of places and contemporary persons and events. As no great creative artist is a lone figure when you understand his environment, it is of the first importance to know how men and things have influenced the development of his art. In such matters M. Rolland shows his understanding of the office of biographer; his incisive sketches, for example, of Keiser, Mattheson, Buxtehude, Steffani, Bononcini, and Zachau (Handel's teacher) aid us greatly in understanding the real Handel.

M. Rolland regards Handel as a unique figure in his early musical maturity. Musical biographers usually take some pains to trace the transformation from stage to stage of their subject's development. Thus it is possible to divide the Beethoven sonatas or Wagner music-dramas into classes or periods, with chronological tags. M. Rolland has no such task. Handel had no early style *per se* to contrast with later styles. He reached his

zenith of power very quickly — and remained there. It is only approximately accurate even to speak of his operas as belonging to an earlier period than his oratorios, for his first oratorio was composed before his first opera, while the fact that his operas as a whole are earlier than his oratorios is due to a practical reason, and his greater attention to oratorio in his later years was due to the exigencies of personal politics. In addition, Handel's oratorios are essentially dramatic in their character.

This brings us to the second important point which M. Rolland establishes,—namely, that Handel is falsely rated as a church musician. He rarely wrote for the church. Aside from his "Psalms" and "Te Deum," he wrote music only for concerts (including open-air performances) and the theatre. His oratorios were written for the theatre, and some of the early ones were really acted. He resolutely opposed the production of his oratorios in the church, even to the extent of arousing the enmity of religious bigots, and insisted to the end that he worked and wrote for a free theatre. The contrary impression doubtless has arisen from the fact that his subjects are mainly of Biblical origin. But Handel's oratorios are in their very nature music-dramas; and, instead of religious inclinations leading him to Biblical sources, he was guided in his choice by the fact that this material had a much more vital appeal to the audience he addressed than had profane mythology. Yet so tenacious are traditions that probably for a long time will Handel the preacher be forced in the popular esteem to obscure Handel the artist.

M. Rolland shows the versatility of Handel and his adaptability to all styles. He gives an impressive list of examples to demonstrate Handel's use of all styles without choosing any one permanently, likening him to Gluck alone in this respect. Handel's art was universal in its nature. His genius was attracted to everything good; and this explains his general use not only of methods but also of materials. It dissolves the so-called plagiarisms. He never hesitated to adopt the ideas of others, or to re-work his own; but always because his genius found therein some beauty that had been overlooked. "Handel has evoked from the very depths of these musical phrases, their secret soul, of which the first creators had not even a presentiment. It needed his eye, or his ear, to discover in the serenade of Stradella its Biblical cataclysms. . . . Handel heard great storms passing through the gentle quivering of Stradella's guitar."

Then there is the romanticism of Handel's music. Perhaps M. Rolland might have emphasized a little more Handel's foreshadowing of the romantic school, though he does call him a "Beethoven in chains" and quotes Beethoven and Haydn as pronouncing Handel the greatest of all composers. It would have been enlightening, however, to have traced more definitely Handel's influence on his successors. Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner were only a few of those who drew ideals from Handel. His music is picturesque and descriptive. It is a "picture gallery of nature" in portraying the sea, storm, night, moonlight, sunshine, and awakening birds. It did not escape criticism for its non-conformity to precedent. This was said of him by one of his critics: "He cannot give people pleasure after the proper fashion, and his evil genius will not allow him to do this. He imagines a new *grandioso* kind of music, and in order to make more noise he has it executed by the greatest number of voices and instruments which one has ever heard before in a theatre. He thinks thus not only to rival the god of musicians, but even all the other gods, like Iöle, Neptune, and Jupiter: for either I expected that the house would be brought down by his tempest, or that the sea would engulf the whole. But more unbearable still was his thunder. Never have such terrible rumblings fallen on my head." After that we can acquit even Schoenberg and Scriabin!

The list of Handel's compositions, the bibliography, and the index are all useful. Dr. Hull's translation is quite satisfying. There seem to be no important errors other than the confusion as to the Mercier portrait, which is attributed to Thornhill in the table of contents.

RUSSELL RAMSEY.

RUSSIA AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.*

The most colossal mistake that one can make is to speak of Russia as "she." That common form of personification has been responsible for many misjudgments of nations and for many wars. That abstract concept, "the Mother Country," is for Russia and nearly all other countries a very definite Power represented by tax-collectors, rural police, military men,—by a tyranny, in other words, which makes life hard for the great majority of the millions that constitute that country. "She"—of a graft-permeated bu-

reaucracy; "she" of a Tsar who, though personally brave, honorable, and well-intentioned, is so superstitious that if a visitor happens to speak of God instantly stands at salute with his hand at his cap like a private before a sergeant; "she" of a régime that could summon twelve millions of men for mobilization and fail to arm them even with sticks!

In two vivid chapters of his book entitled "Potential Russia," Mr. Child depicts the fatalistic self-sacrificing spirit of Maxim, the typical Russian muzhik,—tall, clean, light-haired, amused at the flock-like disposition of the troops, as they are packed into uncomfortable trains,—who goes forth to give his all for Mother Russia. Of course Maxim has not the gleam of an idea why he is torn away from his sweetheart and his *izba*, but he makes no complaint; he is only one of the two millions who were ruthlessly sacrificed in the Mazurian marshes because the shells which would have rendered the fatal charge unnecessary "had been dumped in the snow by the order of some railroad official." He did not know that the freight cars which had carried them had been taken to Archangel and reloaded with the imported goods of a Russian merchant in Petrograd. He did not know that the railroad official had received 100 roubles a car for his part in the transaction. He did not know that it was Russians who were killing Russians. He thought the enemy was responsible.

Mr. Child was sent to Russia to study at first hand the effect of the war on that great unknown country. Not knowing the language, he had to depend on conversations in French, —English and German being under a ban,—and he had the disadvantage of getting much of his information through an interpreter. But he has returned to this country with a fairly definite notion of the problems which Russia must face when the war is ended, and (what is more important) with definite and extremely sensible views as to the duties and the opportunities which lie before America.

The importance of his book is not so much in the pictures that he paints of actually existing conditions,—the gradual awakening of the Slav giant, the horrible sufferings of the refugees wandering into the interior of Russia without property, without hope, dying like grasshoppers,—though he can find even in these by-products of war wonderful results in human sympathy, in "a revival of social consciousness," the promise of "a new era of recognition of a spiritual life." It is rather in the final chapters, where he tells the American people that if we should share in the marvellous development that is certain to

* POTENTIAL RUSSIA. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

come we must be represented in Russia by a Minister who shall be worthy of the position and by business men who shall equal the Germans in catering to the needs of the people, who shall be high-minded and honorable and who shall not be trying to get all and give nothing.

Mr. Child thinks that the Russian Bureau-cracy, after the war, will have learned a lesson and will come to recognize and fear the popular will, which is bound to be enlightened. But he is fair even to bureaucracy, and shows quite conclusively that the stories commonly circulated about "graft" are greatly exaggerated. It is unpleasant, he says, "to find foreign commercial representatives charging their expense accounts with the payment of graft which was never paid, or to find foreign business men reciting stories of Russian graft which have no better foundation than that no one will require proof of them." He himself travelled about Russia extensively, and "was impressed by the fact that, with the pleasant smile of those who regard the foreigner as a guest, his offers [of fees] almost without exception were refused by policemen, gendarmes, customs examiners and soldiers." Indeed, he puts graft last among the three chief reasons for the difficulty which Russia is still having in furnishing weapons and missiles for her reserve strength of men; the others being incompetence and transportation difficulties.

One chapter, entitled "Russia's Better Half," is devoted to the position and influence of women. Here Mr. Child records the fact that the Russian *Intelligentsia* (which he elsewhere spells "*Intelligenza*") "has in its vague membership a startling proportion of women." It includes titled ladies of immense wealth, and peasant girls who speak half a dozen languages and at the age of nineteen publish pamphlets. He found himself, however, sympathizing with the bureaucratic fear of ultimate industrial revolt:

The autocratic government of Russia is at least a government. At times it takes terrible, and often stupid, measures to suppress the people. A censorship, whether in war or peace, which aims to deceive, is a fact before the eyes of the awakening intelligence more irritating than those truths which the censorship can conceal. The fact that only half-truths go about in rumors leads to exaggerations. Secret police activities have stimulated rather than restrained the spirit of revolt. But were revolt to come successfully, the people of Russia could not to-day supply a government which would last. The intelligent class might set one up; but it would be too idealistic to be firm, and the unintelligent mass and mob would tear it down. It would be a Mexico raised to the *mir* power; and it is fortunate that the war and other influences have come to give the

people a national spirit and a sense of restraint and, in the end, a more deliberate manner of seeking reform.

Naturally, therefore, Mr. Child does not believe that the war will be followed by revolution like that abortively started after the Russo-Japanese War.

A remarkable chapter of Mr. Child's book is devoted to the abolition of liquor-selling, which he calls "a Miracle Measure," and which he credits to the initiative of the Emperor even before the outbreak of hostilities. Mr. Child went to Russia "an opponent of any national prohibition," and expected to come away with support for his views. But he confesses that he was routed, and his description of the marvellous success of the repression of the vodka traffic will rejoice the heart of total abstainers. He sets down the following to the credit of prohibition:

An orderly mobilization.—A better trained and more efficient army.—A reduction of crime and immorality.—A lessening of pauperism.—A general public opinion in favor of prohibition and its maintenance.—An increase of industrial efficiency, which manufacturers and government investigators estimate at not less than 30 per cent.—A decrease in the economic waste involved in the consumption of alcohol.—A more certain resource for government revenue.—A new era of thrift.—A new generation of youth free from the alcoholic appetite.—Better babies.

After two chapters prophesying the future of Russia and outlining its almost infinite riches, still mainly undeveloped, the volume closes with the climax-chapter, "A Call to America."

Mr. Child has written a valuable book,—eminently dispassionate, friendly, critical, and on the whole free from the glaring errors which a series of journalistic snap-shots might naturally have contained. There are some misprints. In the table of contents the first chapter is designated "Heat for Cannon." Mr. Child invariably calls the Emperor "the Czar," which has no excuse—at least in spelling. On page 158 the word *gorodovoi* masquerades as *gorodovoy*. The style is generally vivid, although sometimes reportorial and even incorrect. NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Paul Elder & Co. have just issued "Great Spiritual Writers of America," by George Hamlin Fitch. This is the third and last volume in the series on great books of the world, begun with "Comfort Found in Good Old Books." The new volume treats of representative American authors who, in the judgment of the author, illustrate the national genius. Mr. Fitch was literary editor of the "San Francisco Chronicle" for thirty years, and recently has removed to London, where he is engaged in literary and journalistic work.

MORE TRANSLATIONS OF RUSSIAN
FICTION.*

When Miss Isabel Hapgood made her first translations of Gogol and of the Russian epic songs, more than twenty years ago, she found a very small public willing to follow her enthusiasm for Slavic literature. Now general interest in Russia is so great that she has been urged to reissue a number of her earlier, almost still-born, volumes, and to supplant her selections from Gogol's "Taras Bulba" by a version of the complete work. Few pioneers in a new field can have had a more genuine satisfaction in the reward of their labor than this unusually competent student; for in her rendering she gives the sense of being always close to her original, carrying over into English the nuances of style and the numerous provincialisms which give individual flavor to this vivid and full-blooded tale of a semi-savage, sixteenth-century Ukraine hero.

The picture in the book is one to be remembered by readers of later Slavic fiction, for its retrospect on the warlike and coarsely masculine clan life of the Steppe makes possible an understanding of some contradictory phases in the later culture so faithfully revealed by Goncharov, Turgenev, and their fellows. The racial superstition which gives to the State Church the terrible power that Gorky's "Confession" shows it to have, the general worship of military status that allows "A Hero of Our Time" to prey upon society, the traditional patriarchal despotism of heads of families that partly causes Anna's tragedy in Dantchenko's "With a Diploma,"—all these elements remain in the very fibre of the Russian race. Old Taras Bulba, with his immense love of life, his zeal for activity motivated actually only by itself, instead, as he fondly believes, by love of country and the faith,—this ancient tribal hero seems indeed at first sight very far in spirit from the sensitive, introspective, and profoundly tragic figures of many Russian stories, yet he is not so unlike them as he appears; for emotional power and a craving for experience charac-

terize them all alike. In his case, however, the outward goal—leadership—is easily attainable, for he is unhesitating straightforwardness itself; most of the others are so fevered by conflicting impulses that their ability to choose among several courses of action is entirely obscured.

Gorky's Matvei, whose "Confession" is said to be non-autobiographic, is perhaps the extremest contrast to Bulba among the men presented in these recently translated volumes. His search for God, beginning in his lonely childhood and continued after the death of his dearly loved wife and little son, leads him through scenes of frightful revelation. First he discovers the falseness of miracles and the venality of the secular clergy; next the rottenness of the orthodox monasteries and the futility of ascetic renunciation; finally he comes to a vision of the awakening People, the humble workers and plodding thinkers, true creators of the God who shall ultimately exist when justice and mercy shall have become more than hollow words among men. This modern Pilgrim's Progress is as replete with hope and as poignantly touching as Bunyan's other-worldly search, notwithstanding the bitterness of satiric intention underlying Matvei's naively simple style. It has neither the triteness of motive nor the touch of sentimentality that makes so popularly appealing Korolenko's pleas for social justice,—*"Makar's Dream"* and *"In Bad Company"*; but it has a far larger canvas and a much wider range of thought than they.

As art, however, "The Confession" is not to be compared to Dantchenko's two short stories,—as modern as it in general point of view, more detached than it in method of telling. "With a Diploma" is the brief life-history of a woman of ordinary intelligence and of more than ordinarily strong character, the mistress and almost wife of a landed proprietor. When she discovers that her lord despises her for lack of knowledge and for dependence on him, she resolves through hard study to educate herself to independence as a nurse hoping that evidence of her capacity will bind him firmly to her. But irony crowns the end. Anna returns from her two years' exile in Petrograd hospitals to find the man for whom she has been laboring to perfect herself entirely cold to her, and ready to cast her off completely for another and a younger woman. Out of the ruin that confronts her, this commonplace woman is shown as capable of wrestling victory, of a subdued and disillusioned sort, because each situation that came before the climax had been met by her with an honesty and directness impossible for the

**TARAS BULBA*. A Tale of the Cossacks. Translated from the Russian of Nicola V. Gogol by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE CONFESSION. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Rose Strunsky. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

A HERO OF OUR TIME. Translated from the Russian of M. Y. Lermontov by J. H. Wisdom and Marr Murray. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

WITH A DIPLOMA, AND THE WHEELWIND. By V. I. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Translated from the Russian by W. J. Stanton-Pyper. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

THE LITTLE DEMON. By Feodor Sologub. Authorized translation by John Cournoos and Richard Aldington. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

MAKAR'S DREAM, and Other Stories. By Vladimir Korolenko. Translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. New York: Duffield & Co.

meanness and cruelty of her master to wreck. The man, like Lermontov's Pechorin—an acidly drawn type of the worldly egoism developed in officer's barracks—is almost too utterly contemptible to be convincing; Pechorin, like him, seems to exist chiefly in order to accent the characters of the women who love him and of whom he so quickly tires.

Russian artists are apparently somewhat obsessed by the fascinations of a study of egoism in all varieties of its manifestation, especially as a morbidity akin to madness. Feodor Sologub prefaces the new translation of "The Little Demon" by an explanation that might introduce appropriately not only his own absorbing novel but many of the tales here briefly reviewed. After a word of compliment to his translator he says:

I should like to warn my readers against the temptation of seeing only Russian traits in this novel. The portrait of Peredonov [the hero] is an expression of the all-human inclination towards evil, of the almost disinterested tendency of a perverse human soul to depart from the common course of universal life . . . and, taking vengeance upon the world for its own grievous loneliness, to bring into the world evil and abomination. . . . A soul marred by this tragic affliction, that of a morose separation from the world, is borne along by a sovereign justice, which rules worlds and hearts, upon disastrous paths, towards madness and towards death. . . . In what blessed land is not man tormented with this agonizing sadness, these true tokens of the same morose and sombre affliction? . . . This novel will not be accepted by you in condemnation of my country—my country has not a few enchantments which make her beloved, not only by her own, but also by the observant stranger. Perhaps the attentive reader will find even in this sombre novel certain reflections of enchanting Russian nature, and of the live Russian soul.

WINIFRED SMITH.

RECENT FICTION.*

A year ago "The New Statesman," which is generally very well intentioned about America, and also well informed, noticed what it called a "slump" in American literature; now the same authority (speaking rather casually and not in any really judicial manner) says that American literature is insolvent. Of course, this may not be very important even if true, and even though true and important it may not be without remedy. A generation ago our representative critic in a representative magazine (well informed and

well intentioned as to England) said that England was notably behind the rest of Europe in the matter of fiction at least. Many would think England to have been equally behindhand, in those days, in poetry and the drama; yet think what has been done since then! How finely English fiction, poetry, drama has recovered from what were called bad days! Even if things be badly off with our own literature, there are still possibilities.

I would not, even in fancy, offer myself for the position of receiver in any such matter as this. It would be immensely interesting to take a literary survey, a sort of inventory or account of stock, in the matter of American literature, to see what we really have and to try to form an opinion as to how far American literature fulfils the promises it made years ago. I suppose insolvency means that one can not pay one's obligations,—that one can not live up to the hopes one has aroused. It would be interesting to look over the ground and see what we had in American literature to produce, when people questioned our solvency. "Produce the books," people say, when there is talk of anything of the sort,—what is there that we have done? It would take more information, more judgment, more taste, to be able to tell, and much more room than is at the moment available. Still as (I suppose) on a hint of a slump, or on a suggestion of insolvency, men are likely to look about them to see what they have and what it may be worth, so we may look at the books coming out (mere novels though they be) with rather a broader view than usual and try to estimate what they can do to make good the promises that American literature has made.

I do not myself care for the novels of F. Hopkinson Smith, but they have pleased many readers. Mr. Smith had to a great degree the gift of presenting attractive and interesting phases of life in such a manner as to arouse in many a glow of admiring interest. He felt keenly what people vaguely call "charm." The quality, the atmosphere, of an old inn or a good club, of a fine old gentleman or a dear old lady,—these were things that appealed to him and that he made appeal to others. I used to think that he failed to come very close to life itself, as most of us know it,—that he presented what we might call an aristocratic view of life, if we had in mind chiefly the aristocracy of the club or the library or the comfortable bank account. I never saw many of his pictures, but those which I recall were like his novels in that they showed a great gift of seeing what was charming, fine, and beautiful, and ren-

*ENOCH CRANE. By F. Hopkinson Smith and F. Berkeley.
AFTER THE MANNER OF MEN. By Francis Lynde. New
York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
THE WALL STREET GIRL. By Frederick Orin Bartlett.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
SOMEWHERE IN RED GAP. By Harry Leon Wilson. New
York: Doubleday, Page & Co.
THE PAINTED SCENE. By Henry Kitchell Webster.
Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

dered it so that we thought it was charming, fine, and beautiful. Many will think art need go no further, and that we may be lucky if it gets as far as that. Mr. Smith was impressed, for one thing, with the charm of what we may call (in this day of constant changes) "old" New York, and he often rendered it in his novels. In "Felix O'Day" he had in mind a characteristic bit of old Fourth Avenue; it is the bit about Washington Square and Waverley Place that is the locality of "Enoch Crane," a novel of which his plan has been carried out by his son.

Mr. F. Berkeley Smith, in trying to catch the tone of his father's reminiscence, has gone rather farther into the past than was necessary. The period of "Enoch Crane" is presumably about a generation ago. It was somewhere in the days of horsecars; but I can not think of any definite time when Harrigan and Hart were old and when hammerless guns were new, because, as a matter of fact, the latter chronologically preceded the former. But doubtless Mr. Smith has the eighties in mind. In his book, however, he gets much farther back than that: his characters and their ways of doing things belong to a period long before the eighties; they are positively archaic. The villain is certainly the contemporary of the fine old vintages which Mr. Smith so appreciatively mentions; one waits expectantly to hear Sue say, "Unhand me, sir!" He belongs not to the time of Harrigan and Hart, but to the first years of Tony Pastor and even the epoch which preceded Pastor.

Enoch Crane himself has an interest perhaps factitious; he appears to me to be not unlike Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith himself. Of course he had his differences,—he was a retired lawyer and so on. But, like Mr. Smith, Enoch Crane was preëminently a gentleman, a man who loved what was fine and noble in life and hated what was low and bad. One may be thankful for that, though it takes more than that to be a novelist. Enoch Crane had views on art and artists,—he declared the need of "men who saw nature freshly and vigorously, with open eyes, and the clear courage of their convictions to smash pat on the canvas something that was really real." That was something that we may imagine American literature ought to do as well as American painting. Whether the best way to render the really real is to smash it pat on the canvas I have my doubts, but I have none whatever as to the need of artists looking at life freshly and vigorously. That is something that both Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith and Mr. F. Berkeley Smith understand clearly, and perhaps both

looked at life in that way,—though I think few would get any such idea from "Enoch Crane" or its predecessors.

It is a very easy matter to talk about,—this looking at life freshly and vigorously; but when you come to use it as a touchstone of art or literature, it makes sad havoc. Mr. Francis Lynde for some years has been known as a writer of interesting and popular stories. Are they popular and interesting because they give us a fresh and vigorous view of life? Why is it that in "After the Manner of Men" Mr. Lynde writes of a man pursuing a business enterprise in spite of the most violent and underhand opposition of an unscrupulous trust? Is it because he has "looked freshly and vigorously at life"? No,—it is because about twenty years ago Mr. H. K. Webster and Mr. Samuel Merwin looked freshly and vigorously at life and saw men struggling against corporations; Mr. Lynde has looked at them or their books or their followers. Why does Mr. Lynde locate his coal-mine in the mountains of Tennessee? Was it because he had looked at life freshly and vigorously, and found in the mountains of Tennessee something that he must render? Miss Mary N. Murfree looked at life in those mountains a generation ago, and since her day they have been one of the conventional scenes. Why does Mr. Lynde have a mine-manager with "a clean-cut face and a resolute jaw," a sweet-faced young millionaire with a cherubic smile, a fine old crusted Southern judge, and so on? Not surely because he has looked freshly and vigorously at life, but (I suppose) because in his mind such things taken together make an interesting and attractive story.

We may ask ourselves the same questions with many another book. They are not certain tests partly because one can not always be sure that one applies them rightly, and partly because some people can write very agreeably without much notion of life itself. But in a general way it is some direct impression of life that we want. Take Mr. F. O. Bartlett's "The Wall Street Girl." This attractive tale at once raises the question, Can such things be? Grant that they can be, and you get along very nicely. That is in accord with some of the old characteristics of American literature. What lots of stories there used to be with a much more impossible assumption at bottom treated as though they were the merest matters of fact,—a whole row of them from "The Diamond Lens" on, and even before that. So in Mr. Bartlett's story we need not quarrel with the man's being dead broke because of the father's strange will,

and the nice stenographer lending him two dollars to get egg sandwiches with. Still, as one goes on it does not seem the closest realism.

Realism has for some time been one of the great cards of American literature. Back in the seventies, some will remember, Mr. Howells and Mr. James were making great beginnings as realists; that is, they seemed so in the public mind, though nowadays it is hard to see how any one could have thought of them as doing anything to be described by the same word. Perhaps they really did both put aside literary traditions, fancy under the name of romance, idyllic sentiment, and go in for the real thing. Plenty of Americans have done so since that day, though perhaps we have done nothing much better than many other people. But I do not believe we can put Mr. Bartlett's novel under the head of realism,—any way, of the old-time kind. It is impossible for me to say that the life of clerk and stenographer in a Wall Street office is different from the picture that he draws, for such life is something that I only know about from such periodicals as "The Ladies Home Journal," and so on. But it bears the stamp in my mind of fancy and sentiment and tradition. It is a charming idyll of Wall Street and old New England; but it does not give that so desirable thrill which comes somehow when we get the real thing.

Certainly there is much that would seem as an asset in "Somewhere in Red Gap." I am not "up" (as used to be said) in the work of Mr. Harry Leon Wilson; even Ruggles of the same Red Gap is unknown to me except by report, which, of course, is very favorable. But such ignorance may be a help to an unprejudiced judgment. Here is a book which in some respects is just what might be expected in American literature, at least just what the English might expect. It is humorous, for one thing; and humor, though rather hard to appreciate in the passage of time, is a characteristic American quality. If we could hold our own in humor we should be all right in one great element. Americans themselves have not always appreciated their own humor, and even foreigners sometimes have not. The humor of Abraham Lincoln was often best enjoyed by himself. It seems, indeed, as though Mr. Wilson were a little esoteric, as if he belonged to an inner circle with thought and language relating especially to it; it seems as if you had to have been submitted to a sort of initiation into American life, to have been a good deal tumbled round by it in fact, to appreciate him. But when you have such initiation you will find the stories of Red

Gap not only very humorous, but, like all good humor, something beside. The main conceptions are rather conventional, but that is only a means. Take "The Red Splash of Romance,"—there is much in the story: if people would read it and take it to heart where they need to, our great American audience would be vastly improved in æsthetic taste and perhaps moral character. There was the fat Hobo Poet on a coast-to-coast walking tour, who went to peoples' offices and handed out a card with a poem on it,—a poem comparable with the best of Euphemia Hemans Simpson or Mary C. Burke. The account of his subsequent recital at the Country Club and his leaving town is rather a conventional extravagance; but in spite of that the story is an excellent satire, and full of delightful things. Many will think it a bit crude, but it has a tonic quality. It has all the unexpected hyperbole, the generalizations in whimsical national traits, the observation of absurdities grown common by daily habit, the ingenious use of literary journalistic chest-nuts, that come so naturally (it would seem) to the American humorist. "Somewhere in Red Gap" is at least American; no other nation could have produced it.

I should think "Somewhere in Red Gap" ought to be counted as an asset, and I feel quite sure Mr. Webster's new book, "The Painted Scene" is an asset. One of the nice things about this last is that it does so much to explain itself, as far as such things ever can be explained. One of the people in it is a young dramatist who had just made a striking success. An expert explained to him that his work had followed some of the profoundest maxims of the theatre, but he himself felt differently. His own explanation was that "he'd had the luck to get hold of a good story, that it concerned itself with the sort of people he understood, and that he'd managed to present it and them with a kind of freshness and honesty that proved attractive." That is not so different from Enoch Crane's thoughts on art. Whether so or not, it is not very different from what Mr. Webster has done. Here is something that rings the bell (to use a favorite figure of the author),—which shows us in a minute that it is worth while. Perhaps another might account for it by the profoundest maxims of the short-story; I am better satisfied with Mr. Webster's way of putting it.

"The Painted Scene" is a set of sketches of the world of the theatre, or rather of that particular part of the theatre known as musical comedy,—which has had its place before in Mr. Webster's work. It is not a

novel, and does not pretend to be. But though it has not the definite structure of action and character that so often seems the necessary thing to make the right impression, it has something else that does quite as well. It is full of amusing details, colloquialisms and slang, simple mention of generalities of life not always noticed, light allusions to the stock white checks of theatrical thought, easy technicalities, and so on. But these things alone would not carry a collection of stories. There is something else,—something different from these things, which in one form or another are not unusual. That proverbial "difference,"—Mr. Webster of course knows all about it. Take the pair who met at the stage door, went to one of the regular restaurants and ordered one of the regular suppers, including a quart of the regular champagne,—the only thing that made them amusing, worth telling about, something with a punch, was the fact that after those ordinary beginnings came a difference. We may look at Mr. Webster just as he looked at them.

Mr. Webster seems to know pretty well what he is about, and that I suppose is art. As his own musical director said, his work "is good. Very nice. It has charm and some originality." But it has also the one other thing needful,—the "something to whistle." This, I presume, means that it has something that fixes itself in your mind with a recurrent obsession which if it lasts long enough, aestheticians say, is one of the few unvarying notes of beauty, in art or anywhere else. But I doubt if it is good to go farther with my abstract generalizations of what is so easy to get in a particular and concrete form. I, at least, like it better as Mr. Webster puts it.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

Two types of the present-day soldier.

The "hero" of Mr. Edward Morlae's "A Soldier of the Legion" (Houghton) is very unlike the famous person who lay dying in Algiers. Whatever may be the historical merits of the little narrative or the personal merits of its author,—opinions differ on both points,—the book certainly steers clear of the moralistic comment now so wearisome to every reader of war "impressions." The narrative records the deed of a sergeant and one company of the Foreign Legion, who fought in the great Champagne offensive. As an elegy of the *2me Étranger* now disbanded, it is harsh and crude enough—as perhaps it ought to be; it is apparently untouched with

pity; there may even be a pose in its seemingly consistent heartlessness. But surely many men see and feel in battle as this man saw and felt. Horrors become so common as to be unworthy even of bored remark; men live literally in and for the passing seconds, with no thought of before and after. "Je m'excite!" exclaims an angry legionary—because he cannot recover a bit of chocolate from the knapsack of a dead comrade. The soldiers of the Legion, or of Sergeant Morlae's company, were no "bloomin' heroes"; but, at the very least, most of them died in a not ignoble manner.—It is a peculiar relief to read Mr. Morlae's book after Mr. C. Lewis Hind's "A Soldier Boy" (Putnam). The people of these "sketches and cameos" seem to live on a diet of Watts's pictures, Mendelssohn's music, and the worst of Henley's poetry. A thin coat of conventional devotionalism whitewashes the whole surface of the book. It is hard to believe that "soldier boys" tolerate such humid sentimentality. Beer and skittles and soldiers of the legion are more probable stuff.

A Russian biography of Dostoevsky.

M. Soloviev's study of "Dostoevsky: His Life and Literary Activity" (Macmillan) is addressed so distinctly to a Russian public thoroughly familiar with Dostoevsky's writings that one wonders what motives have led to its translation. The book is a sort of review of previous biographies, and presupposes a considerable knowledge of the subject. The uninitiated reader gets little but a few scattering glimpses instead of a clear idea of the personality of the man, and misses a general discussion of his novels and literary craftsmanship. Dostoevsky's works are notoriously subjective, yet there is little attempt to point the relation between them and his varied experience. The most interesting chapters in the book—perhaps the only ones to which the general reader will care to turn a second time—are the introduction and the conclusion. The first, while containing nothing new, draws a clear distinction between the genius of Dostoevsky and that of his great contemporaries, Tolstoy and Turgenev; it explains the difficulties, mental and material, under which the former had to work, and sketches his philosophy of life. The last chapter, drawing largely on the "Diary of a Writer," is an exposition of Dostoevsky's attitude toward social questions in Russia. Always an ardent sympathizer with the third estate, his dominant idea is insistence on what may be learned from the people and what must be done for the people.

Two new books about "a waning classic."

A recent book dismisses Dante and others as "waning classics." Florentine and Miltonic theologies are outworn, no doubt; and it stands to the further and vast discredit of the theologians that they have nothing specific to say about such pulsating "modern" interests as movies, submarines, suffrage, and the Gary School System. In spite of these damning facts, Professor Alfred Brooks, in his volume on "Dante: How to Know Him" (Bobbs-Merrill), has the hardihood to say that "The Divine Comedy" "deals with those questions only, which are of perennial concern to man, in every generation." And one of the favorite themes exploited in Professor J. F. Fletcher's little study of Dante in the "Home University Library" (Holt) is "The Modernness of Dante." These two books are both "popular," in purpose,—both are written for cheap series of wide circulation. Of course both professors are exponents of an aristocratic and effete culture, and they are therefore highly prejudiced and dangerous judges. Mr. Brooks's work follows the general design of the series to which it belongs. There is a brief and very elementary introduction, followed by extracts from "The Divine Comedy," illuminated by notes and a running commentary. The introduction and comment read simply and smoothly; and the prose of the translations, while not distinguished, is quite tolerable. Mr. Fletcher's exposition of Dante's corpus of work is more extended and authoritative. The three main chapters deal with Dante's Personal Confessions, his Teaching, and his Art. The wonderful architectonics of "The Divine Comedy" are exhibited in considerable detail, and yet with entire simplicity and conciseness. Perhaps the best thing about Mr. Fletcher's book is the clearness with which the author explains the rigorous unity of purpose that welds into one body all of Dante's books. The visions do more than "charm mankind exclusively as poetry." "A social justice bent on giving each individual . . . his fullest scope . . . ; an individual and collective service wholly dedicated and efficiently controlled to the realization of human perfection . . . ; liberty, equality, fraternity, interpreted essentially in the spirit of the twentieth century,"—such is said to be Dante's "message." A great and sweeping claim indeed! And Mr. Fletcher goes far toward its justification. Perhaps it is ungracious to pick a flaw in such a book, but one wishes the author had used translations of his own instead of those by Mr. Henry Johnson, which are new and doubtless faithful but are not poetry.

Crime and the economic environment.

A somewhat laborious study of "Criminality and Economic Conditions," translated from the Dutch of William Adrian Bongers by Mr. Henry P. Horton, is a late addition to the noteworthy "Modern Criminal Science Series" (Little, Brown, & Co.). The first part is historical in character and deals with the treatment given the subject by more than fifty writers,—from Thomas More down to men of to-day. The general conclusion of this survey is that these writers, with few exceptions, had but little comprehension of the very important bearing of economic conditions on crime. The author's point of view toward his subject is based on the Marxian philosophy that the forms of production condition the life and ideals of the people. So strong is his faith in the economic interpretation of social life that he devotes one chapter to a discussion of the present economic system, and another to the different social classes. These latter, he concludes, owe their origin not to innate differences in capacity but to the existing system of production. Likewise, the different forms of marriage are similarly determined. The family has a peculiarly definite economic basis. Prostitution, whether the result of environment, ignorance, poverty, or other causes, is the consequence of existing social conditions which relate back to the economic system; although in a few cases degeneracy or defectiveness may be charged with the blame. Elaborate statistics are produced to demonstrate the argument relating to prostitution. Alcoholism is largely the result of poverty, and has oppressed civilization because of the increasing development of capitalism; individual or pathological causes are negligible factors. In Book II, entitled "Criminality," the author contends that primitive man was no more egoistic than his modern descendant, and that the economic system which has produced the proletariat must be charged with the mass of crimes that are being committed in the present era. A vast array of statistics is presented showing the relation of crime to illiteracy, poverty, occupation, and conjugal condition. Crimes against poverty and against persons are discussed, and the low average of criminality among women is explained. Crimes of vengeance form the largest group, followed by economic, sexual, and political crimes. An examination of these various forms of crime reveals the conclusion that even here the prevailing economic conditions are the chief determining factors. No one can read this book without feeling the manifest bias of the author. It is indeed a powerful presentation of a plausible theory,

and the facts are skilfully marshalled to prove the author's contentions. But the reader feels that he is listening to the advocate rather than to the judge. The causes of crime seem to be too readily reduced to one underlying cause thoroughly to convince the open-minded reader. Nevertheless, the book should impel men and women to consider at once a practicable programme for improving the economic environment.

Impressions of Rome.

M. André Maurel's "A Month in Rome" (Putnam) is what might be called a sentimental guide-book — sentimental in the good sense. Facts it contains in abundance, but no one should look to it as a substitute for the practical guide-book. The sentence M. Maurel applies to himself on his visit to Hadrian's Villa, "a simple pilgrim, interested only in impressions, I have no other thought than . . . to note down the passing reflections that they [the places] arouse," describes his attitude toward his subject. The book is a comment on facts rather than a statement of facts, and assumes on the part of the reader an already considerable familiarity with them. This accounts for its strength, which is to help the visitor among Rome's wealth of monuments to a spiritual interpretation of them, and also for its weakness, which is the fitfulness of its appeal to the reader of ordinary equipment. It will be used with greatest profit by the actual visitor in Rome, and next by the returned visitor. Its make-up is unique. It is divided into thirty "Days," representing as many rambles and excursions in and about the city. Each "Day" has at its head a map of the section to be visited, is given a suggestive title, such as "The Paternal Mansion — the Forum," or "Ruskin's Mistake — Minerva, Cosmedin," and is accompanied by good illustrations. The spirit of the book is what might be expected in a work written by the author of "Little Cities of Italy." M. Maurel is genial and suave, never quarrelsome nor iconoclastic; he is well informed, yet not pedantic. "A Month in Rome" is the familiar yet polished discourse of one possessed of receptive mind and heart who has read and meditated upon Roman and Italian history, art, and literature in the places of their creation, and enjoys communicating his impressions. It is greatly to be regretted that many such inaccuracies as "Cataline," "Thebian," "Santa Agnesa," and "marcellum," mar the text. Whether they are to be charged to the author, or (what is more likely) to the translator, the effect is to lessen the reader's confidence and respect.

Botha of South Africa.

Any authoritative book that throws light on the romantic career of Louis Botha is welcome in these days, so that Mr. Harold Spender's "General Botha: The Career and the Man" (Houghton) is certain of a reading. Nor will Mr. Spender's readers be disappointed if they look for no more than an account of Botha's chief activities, from his boyhood to the conclusion of the conquest of German South-West Africa. The book is a well written and entertaining account of the succession of apparent miracles achieved by Botha, but we are given no clue to the methods by which the miracles were achieved. Although Mr. Spender devotes his last chapter to Botha the man, he succeeds in doing little more than whetting our appetite. We are given an account of Botha's daily activities, together with some impression of his outward characteristics; but the man's thoughts — his doubts, temptations, moods — remain undisclosed. Here and there, however, we get glimpses that prove more enlightening than chapters of description. The bald fact that, rather than disturb old memories, Botha has never revisited the farm, "Waterval," which had been home to him until the British burned it, comes as a momentary flood of light. In the course of the war we see him acting as a decoy, to draw pursuing British regiments away from the last remaining members of the Transvaal Government. We see him make a miraculous escape by night through a gap in the surrounding circle of his enemies, sitting upright that he may protect the body of his son from rifle fire. And, perhaps best of all, when his one-time friend and now bitter political opponent Hertzog seeks to improve relations between Dutch and British by talk about the possible treachery of British rule, we hear his retort: "He reminds me of a man on his honeymoon telling people what he would do if his wife became unfaithful to him." Doubtless the fact, referred to more than once, that Botha looks back on the Boer War with feelings only of sadness, and that he steadfastly refuses to be drawn into talk about it, even rebuking mention of it at his own table by his children, is an obstacle not easy for the would-be biographer to overcome. Yet without attempting a formal biography, Mr. Spender has established Louis Botha's position as one of the great men in modern history and one of the noblest; and he has stirred desire to the point of insistence on a true biography to follow. His book will be read and enjoyed, but with the sort of gratitude that is a keen sense of more and better things to come.

*The eternal
feminine in
Charlotte Brontë*

Of books about Charlotte Brontë there promises to be no end, nor is any end desired, so interesting a character is she. Though no later work will displace Mrs. Gaskell's absorbing biography of her friend, there is always room for such sympathetic studies of this enigmatic person as Miss Maud Goldring's "Charlotte Brontë the Woman" (Scribner). It is the hopeless love of a human heart that the writer offers to our view in the three chapters of her little book. "Preparation," "The Coming of Love," "Loneliness and Fame" are the headings to these chapters; and of course it is the much-discussed attachment of Charlotte to her Brussels schoolmaster that forms the writer's main theme. Delicately, and with a woman's sympathy and insight Miss Goldring handles her subject, not with the gleeful malice that has inspired other recent writers on what has seemed to them merely the ludicrously pathetic passion of a lovesick old maid. A very human and lovable Charlotte Brontë, and one who knows how to preserve her dignity even in her heartbroken letters to her "dear master," moves with sad steps across the pages of the little book, which closes with a few hitherto unpublished Brontë fragments.

*Through Latin
America
on foot.*

A born traveller, with a good deal of the irreclaimable tramp or hobo in his composition, Mr. Harry A. Franck (who candidly calls himself "an incurable vagabond") is also a briskly entertaining writer on the countries and peoples he has seen with humorously observant eyes in the course of his peregrinations. "Tramping through Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras" (Century Co.) has the same careless swing, the same inoffensive self-assertiveness, as "A Vagabond Journey around the World," by the same pen. Its chronological place is just before "Zone Policeman 88," the writer's account of five months in the Canal Zone, and it clears the stage, as a foreword explains, "for a larger forthcoming volume on South America giving the concrete results of four unbroken years of Latin-American travel." Frequent photographs by the author help to paint the moral of his rambling narrative, though neither text nor illustrations go far toward solving the Mexican problem that gives a peculiar present interest to such volumes as his. The shrewd observation, buoyant spirits, and gusto for adventure in this second Josiah Flynt will make him, if they have not already made him, a favorite with readers of travel literature. A spice of danger piquantly seasons some of his hardy undertakings in quest of new experience.

NOTES AND NEWS.

One of the few books on the Gallipoli campaign is "On the Anzac Trail," to be published shortly by Messrs. Lippincott & Co.

By the death of Miss Mary Plummer Wright, library students and librarians have lost a most influential leader. For over thirty years she directed her energies to the study of library science, and labored to teach librarians how best to perform their duties and to inspire in young and old a love of purposeful reading of books. Her "Hints to Small Libraries" has been of inestimable value to librarians in the smaller cities. Miss Plummer also did creative work in poetry as well as prose.

John Trevena, after a long silence, is represented among the forthcoming announcements. His novel is entitled "A Drake, By George!" and his publisher is Mr. Alfred A. Knopf. The story narrates the romantic adventures of a group of characters who live in Devonshire, among them old Captain Drake, who bluffs himself into a virtual dictatorship of the village of Highfield; his nephew, who is forever looking for the man who invented work; and Miss Sophy, who is always forgetting the things that actually happen and imagining situations that do not.

Spain has lost one of her most distinguished men of letters and dramatists by the death of José Echegaray. He produced nearly fifty plays, of which the best known is "El Gran Galeoto," the title taken from Dante, and a play which depicts the fatal mischief which may arise from malicious gossip. Other of his better known plays are "El Hijo de Don Juan" ("The Son of Don Juan"), "Mariana," and "O Locura O Santidad" ("Folly or Saintliness"). Echegaray began his career as a professor of mathematics, and throughout all his dramas there runs a thread of the exactness which came with his long training as a mathematician.

In October the committee of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University is issuing, in limited editions, the third series of documents dealing with the theatre: "How Shakespeare Came to Write 'The Tempest,'" by Rudyard Kipling, with an introduction by Ashley H. Thorndike; "How Plays are Written," letters from Augier, Dumas, Sardou, Zola, and others, translated by Dudley Miles, with an introduction by William Gillette; "A Stage Play," by Sir William Schenck Gilbert, with an introduction by William Archer; "A Theory of the Theater," by Francisque Sarcey, translated by H. H. Hughes, with an introduction by Brander Matthews; a catalogue of models and stage sets in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.

Mr. Roland Holt for some years has been in the habit of sending (on request only, of course) to authors whose manuscripts have been rejected by his publishing house, Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., a list of books which he "timidly recommends" for the study of would-be novelists as being in his judgment among the best examples of clear, sincere, and simple writing. The books are as

follows: "Conquest of Canaan," by Booth Tarkington; "Honorable Peter Sterling," by Paul L. Ford; "Soldiers of Fortune," by R. H. Davis; "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton; "The Soul of Margarita," by Josephine Dodge Daskam (Mrs. Bacon); "The Four Million (short stories)," by O. Henry; "The Virginian," by Owen Wister; "Amos Judd," by J. A. Mitchell; "Ekkehard," by Scheffel; "Hereward the Wake," by Charles Kingsley; "On the Face of the Waters," by Mrs. Steel; "Rupert of Hentzau," by Anthony Hope; "The Forest Lovers," by Maurice Hewlett.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF FALL BOOKS.

The length of THE DIAL's annual list of books announced for fall publication, contained in the issue of September 21, made it necessary to carry over to the present number the following entries, comprising the full announcement list of text-books, juvenile, and holiday gift-books of the season.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

International Cases, Vol. I., Peace, by Ellery C. Stowell and Henry F. Munro, \$2.50.—Types of News Writing, by Willard C. Bleyer, \$1.40.—Oral Reading, by Lee Emerson Bassett.—Problems of Religion, by Durant Drake.—Shakespeare Questions, an outline for the study of the leading plays, by Odell Shepard, 50 cts.—The Year Out-of-Doors, by Dallas Lore Sharp.—Industrial Readers, by Eva March Tappan, comprising: The Farmer and His Friends, Diggers in the Earth, Makers of Many Things, Travelers and Traveling; each illus., per vol., 45 cts.—Practical English Composition, by Edwin L. Miller, Book IV., 35 cts.—A Rural Arithmetic, by Irwin A. Madden and Edwin A. Turner.—Once Upon a Time in Connecticut, by Caroline Clifford Newton, illus., 60 cts.—Fairy-Tale Bears, edited by Clifton Johnson, school edition, illus.—High School Prize Speaker and Reader, edited by W. L. Snow. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

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A Political and Social History of Modern Europe, 1500-1915, by Carlton J. H. Hayes, 2 vols.—Sir

Walter Raleigh, poet, soldier, explorer, historian, selections from his poetry and prose, edited by Frank W. C. Hersey.—A Guide to Good English, by Henry Noble MacCracken and Helen E. Sandison.—A Course in Qualitative Chemical Analysis, by Charles Baskerville and Louis J. Curtman, revised edition.—General Physics, by Henry Crew, revised edition.—A Text-Book of Botany for Colleges, by William F. Ganong.—An Introduction to Astronomy, by Forest Ray Moulton, new edition.—Morphology of Invertebrate Types, by Alexander Petrunkevitch.—The Fundamentals of Psychology, by W. B. Pillsbury.—Differential and Integral Calculus, by Clyde E. Love.—Electrical Measurements, by C. M. Smith and Earle Raymond Hedrick.—Elements of Analytic Geometry by Alexander Ziwet, Louis Allen Hopkins, and Earle Raymond Hedrick.—Principles of Commerce, by Harry Gunnison Brown.—The Outlines of Economics, by Richard T. Ely, new edition, revised and enlarged by the author, Thomas S. Adams, Max O. Lorenz, and Allyn A. Young.—Applied Sociology, by H. P. Fairchild.—The Principles of Insurance, by W. F. Gephart, Vol. I., Life, Vol. II., Fire.—Modern Currency Reforms, by E. W. Kemmerer.—Readings in Money and Banking, selected and adapted by Chester A. Phillips.—A Laboratory Course of Practical Electricity, by Maurice J. Archbold.—History of Commerce, by Cheesman A. Herriek.—The Macmillan Spanish Series, comprising: A Practical Spanish Grammar, by Ventura Fuentes and Victor François; An Elementary Spanish-American Reader, by B. M. A. DeVitis; A South American Historical Reader, by Edward Watson Supple and Frederick B. Luquins; *Leyendas Historicas Mejicanas*, by James Bardin; Spanish-American Commercial Reader, by Glenn Levin Swiggett.—Household Accounting and Economics, by W. A. Sheaffer.—Pocket Classic Series, new vols.: A Collection of Letters, edited by Margaret Coult; Lowell's Essays, selected and edited by Ernest G. Hoffsten; Representative Short Stories, edited by Nina Hart and Edna Perry; Selections from American Poetry, edited by Margaret S. Carhart; Shakespeare's Richard III., edited by A. R. Brubacher; Short Stories and Selections, edited by Emilie Kip Baker; Southey's Life of Nelson, edited by Frederick H. Law; Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, edited by Jennie F. Chase; Dickens's *Oliver Twist*, edited by Frank W. Pine; A Collection of Essays, edited by Eric Parson.—Agricultural Arithmetic, by W. T. Stratton, A.M., and B. L. Remick, illus., 50 cts.—The Ideal Catholic Readers, by a Sister of St. Joseph, new vols.: The Fourth Reader, The Fifth Reader, The Sixth Reader; per vol., 45 cts.—Elements of the Theory and Practice of Cookery by Mary E. Williams and Katharine Rolston Fisher, revised and enlarged edition, \$1.—Manual of Physical Training and Preparation for Military Training for Schools of the United States, by Frederick A. Kuenzli and Henry Panzer.—Constructive-Play Problems, by William S. Marten.—Everyday Bookkeeping, by Artemus M. Bogle.—A Child's Book of Holiday Plays, by Frances Gillespy Wickes.—A Child's Book of Verse, by Ada Skinner and Frances Gillespy Wickes, Books I., II., and III.—Letters of Polly, the Pioneer, by Stella Humphrey Nida.—The Romance of Labor, by Frances Doane Twombly and John Cotton Dana.—Farm Spies, how boys investigated field crop insects, by A. F. Conradi and W. A. Thomas.—Oceania, by James Franklin Chamberlain, Ed.B., and Arthur Henry Chamberlain, B.S.—Everychild's Series: The Knight of the Lion, by

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of The Dial, published semi-monthly at Chicago, Ill. for October, 1916. State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martyn Johnson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of The Dial and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Dial Publishing Company, 608 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago. Managing Editor, Martyn Johnson, Business Manager, Martyn Johnson, 608 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) The Dial Publishing Company, Martyn Johnson, 608 So. Dearborn Street Chicago, Ill. Willard C. Kitchell, 50 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. Mary Akita, Lake Forest, Ill. Mary L. Snow, Dearborn, Mich. Laird Bell, 134 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more

of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

MARTYN JOHNSON.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September 1916.

[SEAL] WILLARD C. KITCHELL.
(My commission expires, Jan. 20, 1920.)